

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

CHAPTER I.

THE Five-Year-Old Club in Albemarle Street was originally started for a purpose which, in the eyes of its founder at least, was one of the most laudable in the world. The venerable Earl of Bridgebourne and his equally venerable crony General Ingoldsbey were lamenting, as elderly gentlemen will do upon occasion, the decadence of the times. They agreed with conviction that nothing was so good as it used to be. The weather was not so warm, the port was not so well flavoured or so wholesome, the young women were not so pretty as they used to be. The Most Noble the Marquis of Becksworth sat by and listened to the diatribes of his friends, and by and by offered them a new theme for sorrow in respect to which all three grew eloquent. The women, the wine, and the weather were past mending, but in the matter suggested by the marquis there was something to be done. He spoke of the rarity of mutton killed for the table at a proper age, and the venerable earl, in a flush of inspiration, created by the mere utterance of a phrase the Five-Year-Old Club. The association had no other purpose than the rearing of five-year-old mutton for its members' eating, but before a month was over, president, vice-president, committee, treasurer, and secretary, were all elected, a goodly list of members had enrolled themselves, a breed

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of sheep had been selected to experiment upon, and a fair-sized scrap of land on Dartmoor had been rented by the club. Then for a month or two the reports of the head-grazier were read with an appetising interest, and the attendance of members fell off rapidly as it became clear to the least observant that a five-year-old sheep took at least five years to grow up in. Before six months had gone by since the date of its foundation the club had grown to be one of the dullest and most neglected of resorts. Nobody could talk even of five-year-old mutton for ever; the association possessed no other interest, and very few of its members had any other theme in common. The call for the second annual subscription met with a languid response. Youth is popularly supposed to be the season of impatience, but youth at least has time for waiting. Some of the elderly contingent dropped away by the act of nature, and a good many others were doubtful of their own lives being long enough to bring them to the promised fleshpots. Some of the veterans were put upon water-gruel and the like poor diet by relentless medical advisers, and under these conditions found their interest in haunch and saddle fade rapidly away. In short, before a single joint of the club-mutton had ever decorated the club-table the association itself had practically gone out of existence.

There was the flock on Dartmoor, its

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venerable elders ripe within a month or two for the sacrificial knife; there was the head-grazier sending up a quarterly report to be read by nobody; there was the scrap of moorland experimentally leased for one and twenty years; and there were the club premises rented for the same period. But there was practically no club.

In these circumstances Captain Peter Heaton appeared upon the scene. He was a man of perspicacity and energy, and he had in one way or another a certain little capital at his command. He saw the possibilities of the club as a proprietary concern, and after due negotiation purchased its belongings and was free to use its name. His chief initial difficulty lay in finding somebody to deal with, but that being surmounted the way lay plain and easy before him.

The taste for good mutton not being exclusively confined to the elderly members of the aristocracy, the worthy captain, with his stock-in-trade in hand, found no difficulty in getting about him a company of the younger sort. Excellent names, not quite so well known, so solid or respectable as the earlier, but excellent still, were found for the committee. But whether the new members were drawn towards Captain Peter Heaton by the process of natural selection or not, it is certain that they were a curiously raffish and disorderly set of people. They kept abnormal hours, and drank fancifully-named drinks from the afternoon beginning of their day until the morning close of it. They gambled heavily, and willingly paid to the club proprietor absurd sums for gambling-tools and gambling-time. There were plenty of young men of title among them, and here and there in their ranks an elderly peer who might have been supposed to know better than to waste his time in the pursuits and society of the Five-Year-Old Club. There were dandies from the Guards, the genuine, undoubted, and undoubtable thing; and imitation dandies from outside, whose social coin rang false to discerning ears. There

were florid, vulgar turfmen, and sporting journalists permanently stale with eleemosynary champagne. There were actors there who had walked from the drawing-room to the stage, leaving their breeding midway. There were fledgling youths, innocently knowing in respect to wines, cigars, and horses, and more easily to be made a prey by flattered vanity than any village greenhorn in his ignorance.

It would be a libel to say that there were not good fellows in this curious crowd. There were certain sturdy men of the world who dreamt of robbing nobody, and who would certainly have puzzled the astutest member of the gang to rob them. There were honest, harumscarum, good-hearted lads, who were learning the A B C of the world in that singular seminary, and paying more than they thought of for the tuition they received.

Among these was one Harry Wynne, who was great-grandson to no less a person than the noble founder of the club. The Earl of Bridgebourne had got into the nineties by this time, and the Five-Year-Old Club was about a dozen years of age. The earl had completely withdrawn himself from it years ago, and to his uninstructed fancy it was as respectable, as stately, and as dull as it had been in his own day. The old nobleman naturally went but little into the world, but he kept all his faculties sharp and clear, was extremely proud of the youthfulness of his aspect—he looked not a day over five hundred—and the uncertain activity of his venerable legs. He was a very stately old gentleman indeed; but the pride of youth carried him so far that on coming down to breakfast of a morning he would not disdain to execute a little dancing step or two before his familiars, displaying his youthful vigour and agility with a mirth which grinned the saddest *memento mori*.

The earl was aware of his great-grandson's membership of the club, and at least on one occasion splendidly congratulated him on the precocious good sense which led him to choose the

society of his elders and his betters. The young man perfectly understood the position of affairs, but for his own sake refrained from laughter until he was out of the magnificent old gentleman's presence.

Mr. Harry Wynne, whose fortunes this history proposes to follow, had barely achieved his majority. He stood six feet in his socks, and though at present a shade too thin for his height, gave promise of developing into a rather unusually handsome fellow. He wore his fair hair closely cropped, and had a little golden down upon his upper lip. He had a good, frank pair of gray eyes of his own, well set apart, was gifted by nature with high spirits, and a not inconsiderable share of mother wit, and was altogether a very favourable specimen of the British adolescent, so far as aspect and manners are concerned. He had no profession, and not a great deal of money, and he had been bred in a baddish school. Eton and Cambridge had between them succeeded in inoculating the boy with the notion that debt was the normal condition of a gentleman. Without being in the faintest degree intentionally dishonest, he had learned that so long as a man nursed the intent to pay mere tradespeople their debts, the time of payment stood for next to nothing. In fact, the villainous system of credit, as practised with young men of good families at our public schools and universities, had got into the lad's bones. He had been in debt when he was eight years of age, and had lived on credit ever since, paying away his hypothecated little income cheerfully enough when it came to him, and walking daily deeper and deeper into the mire, in the serene certainty that there was sound land ahead of him.

He got a thousand or two when he came of age, but it had been mortgaged years ago, and he saw next to nothing of it. If he had only known it he had come long since to the end of his tether; but happily or unhappily the tether of youth is elastic, and young Wynne was disposed to stretch his to

the utmost. If he had been in a hurry to go to the mischief he could hardly have chosen a better starting point than the Five-Year-Old Club. Play began there every night pretty soon after dinner, was in full swing at midnight, and went on until all hours in the morning. At two o'clock the club was poetically supposed to close, and from players who desired to continue their game the proprietor exacted a fine of five pounds for the first hour, ten for the second, fifteen for the third, and so on. Captain Peter Heaton found this system work admirably, for the nightly fines alone gave him an annual income of several thousand pounds.

Whenever young Wynne got money he played, and, as a pretty regular thing, he lost, as anybody might have expected and predicted. In spite of his long apprenticeship to debt and the gay carelessness natural to youth, he began to tremble a little at his own prospects. There was nothing for it but to play higher, and he played higher and plunged deeper accordingly; until one melancholy wet autumn morning he walked home to his lodging in Duke Street, St. James's, with an utterly bankrupt exchequer, and a gambling debt of three hundred and fifty pounds on his shoulders. He had to own to himself that things looked as bad as they well could look. His only hope of raising money was by play, and yet until this debt was paid play was forbidden. He got wretchedly to sleep, and won vast sums which profited him nothing on awaking.

His great-uncle, Lord Hounes, the Earl of Bridgebourne's eldest son, was in town, and the boy made a despairing, useless call on him. Lord Hounes had borne his courtesy title for seven-and-sixty years, and had long since felt weary and ill-used under it. He had never entertained any great affection for the earl, and what little he had had been quenched this score of years by his father's unheard-of and selfish persistence in living. For his station he had been poor all his life, and the

old earl had always steadfastly refused to help him. His lordship lived in Eccleston Square, and having reached his door and rung the bell, the boy stood staring at the iron pine-apple at the corner of the area railings, knowing in his heart that he might as well present his petition to it as to his poor and parsimonious great-uncle.

Lord Hounes gave him a sour lecture and a heap of antiquated advice, but beyond these declined to give him anything. The young man went away sorrowful, and carried his hopeless petition to his uncle, Colonel Percy Seaforth.

Colonel Seaforth was a very different person from Lord Hounes, and the lad knew well enough that the one difficulty to be dreaded here was poverty rather than parsimony. Young Wynne was an orphan, and, his own limited resources once exhausted, had no help to look for anywhere in the world but at Uncle Percy's hands. Uncle Percy had a younger brother's income and his pay, and if out of this he allowed his nephew three hundred and fifty pounds a year, he certainly did a good deal more than his cold duty by him. The boy knew that well enough, and felt an added weight of shame as he thought of his uncle's unfailing generosity.

The colonel was at home, and heard his story through with a sorrowful patience, tugging at his gray moustache as he listened.

"Well, Harry, my lad," he said, by way of answer, "you seem to be in a very considerable scrape, and you have nobody but yourself to thank for it. You are my only sister's only son, and I have done what I could for you for your mother's sake. It does not become me to talk about it, but I have done a little more than my duty, and if I say that I can't do any more, it is simply because I can't, and not because I won't. The allowance will go on, but I can't give you that before quarter-day, because I sha'n't have it at the bank till then."

Colonel Seaforth was a bit of a Don

Quixote to look at, a tired and melancholy gentleman who had been overlooked in his profession, and had been saddened, though not soured, by ill fortune. He had a kindly heart, as he had constantly proved to his nephew, and if the young scapegrace had found courage to tell him everything, he would have made an effort to assist him. But the lad, as lads in trouble will, had disguised half his difficulties, and, without meaning to be dishonest, had put altogether too favourable a complexion on the general aspect of affairs.

He went away unhelped, and wandered home, and from there, after a wretched hour or two wandered, out of sheer vacuity, to the club. The class of men who used the Five-Year-Old in the daytime, and the class of men who made it their haunt by night, had certain widely marked differences between them. The daylight contingent was eminently respectable. Its talk was of horses, to be sure, but they talked of them with as much seriousness as men of business talk of notes of exchange, or politicians of the events of the session. They were racing gentlemen, owners of stables, and the like, and followed the pleasure of their life with perfect sobriety and discretion. The names of many of them were known and respected on every racecourse in the kingdom, and they enjoyed a fame which within its limits was as complete as that of Prince Bismarck or Mr. Gladstone. Outside the strange world which lives by and for horses they might be unknown, but within it they were potentates and powers.

Captain Peter Heaton, the proprietor of the club, was as much at home with the one set as the other. An affable, smiling man, of a trifle over the middle height, and a trifle over middle age, iron-gray about the whiskers, perfectly polished in manner, and in full command of face and temper. He was as keen as a razor and shaved as closely, as a score or two of people who had learned him well could tell you.

The gallant captain was seated in his customary arm-chair in the club smoking-room, reading the day's racing quotations, and solacing himself with an excellent cigar and a glass of fine old whiskey judiciously tempered with apollinaris water. Young Wynne dropped into a seat beside him, and nodded rather gloomily in answer to the captain's cheerful and cordial salutation. Heaton, from behind his newspaper, cast a glance at the lad and diagnosed his symptoms instantly. There was a buzz of conversation going on in the room, and when the captain dropped his newspaper and edged with a friendly, confidential manner towards the broken young gentleman, there was no danger of their speech being overheard.

"You were pretty hard hit last night, weren't you?" the captain asked. His manner was sympathetic, and the boy was ready to be sympathized with. Sympathy was likely to do him little good, and yet he felt he needed it.

"I was, by Jove!" he answered. He did his courageous best to look as if it did not matter, but he knew the attempt was a failure.

"Well, you know," said Captain Heaton, with the air of a man of the world, "you really should not play. I don't say you are a bad hand at *écarté* for your years, but it goes with-out saying that you are no match for a man like Hump or Lanky."

It was one of the delightful peculiarities of the Five-Year-Old that almost everybody in it was decorated with some absurd nickname or other. An ill-tempered critic might be disposed to say that no man who prided his self-respect very high would accept a ridiculous title for himself or assist in conferring it upon another. But perhaps self-respect was not the strong point of the members of the Five-Year-Old, and certainly they were no great sticklers for dignity. They were mostly jaded men, and had a certain pallid sense of humour, and if they vented it in that way, they possibly

amused themselves and each other, and outsiders got no harm by it.

The gentleman known as Hump was Mr. Herbert Whale, once a city "financier," and now a bookmaker. He was Captain Peter Heaton's jackal, and did his dirty work for him. He had the social polish of a pot-boy, played an excellent amateur game at billiards, a more than excellent amateur game at *écarté*, was an average good pigeon-shot, and a fair bruiser. He was generally regarded as a hard-fisted, honest fellow, and it was known that if he did a friendly service, he wanted a hundred per cent. for it. If the security were shaky he would go as far as two hundred per cent. to oblige you, and he had command of apparently unlimited sums for investment.

Lanky was Captain Charles Bolder, a person related to one of the noblest families in the kingdom, and a gentleman against whose character nothing had ever been established. He had held a commission in the Blues, and knew every fast man and fast woman in town. He knew a prodigious number of people outside those dubious circles, and was as much at home in the *monde* as in the *demi-monde*. He was a very useful man in getting an aristocratic list of stewards for semi-theatrical balls, or for finding respectable names for the committees of sporting clubs. His luck at cards was known to be peculiar, and nobody turned up the king at *écarté* or the nine at *baccarat* so often as he. If anybody else had imitated him in these achievements it would have been remarked upon.

"Why shouldn't I be a match for either of them?" asked the benighted youth, in answer to the captain's statement. "A man can't play against luck, but if I held such cards as Lanky had last night, don't you think I could have beaten him? Of course I could."

"My dear boy," said the captain, "luck levels itself, and everybody gets his slice of it if he can stay long

enough. But it's knowing what to do with it when you've got it."

"Let me have a slice of it," said Mr. Wynne, not boastfully, but with a resigned despair, "and I'll show you what I'll do with it." He lowered his voice and leaned closer to the captain. "Upon my soul," he said, "I'm very horribly cornered, Heaton. I don't a bit know what to do."

"Don't talk about it here," the captain responded; "drop into my room and I'll join you there directly."

A gleam of hope shot into the lad's mind, and he looked at Heaton gratefully.

He rose from his place and lounged guardedly out of the room, and a minute later he and the captain were closeted together.

"How much is it, Wynne?"

"It's three hundred and fifty."

"Did you drop all that last night?"

"Yes, and a couple of ponies ready beside."

"Whom do you owe it to?" He knew all about it already.

"To tell you the truth," said young Wynne shamefacedly, "I borrowed the chips from the cashier. I gave him my word of honour that I would pay him to-morrow."

"Begad," said the captain, "that's worse than I thought. That's very rough indeed, Wynne. You've been to your own people!"

"I went to old Hounes this morning, but he's as stingy as he knows how to be. He won't part with a cent. I've just come away from Colonel Seaforth's. He's as good as the bank, poor old chap, if he'd got it, but I've had a lot out of him already, and he told me plain and straight that he couldn't do it. It's no use going to Bridgebourne. I know I'm down for something there, but if I told him how I stood he wouldn't leave me a shilling."

In naming his relatives he was not altogether without a hope that they might have some little influence upon the captain's mind, but the captain only whistled dolefully at the con-

clusion of his recital, and lifted his eyebrows with an air which seemed to say that the thing was practically done with.

"Do you think you could help me, Heaton?" the lad asked desperately. "Do you? There's a good fellow!"

"My dear boy," said Heaton, "if I could I wouldn't. I'm a poor man, as you know"—the intending borrower knew nothing of the sort, and shrewdly suspected the contrary—"and besides that I've been compelled to make a vow never to lend money in the club. I lose my members and I lose my friends. You see I'm candid with you, but it makes no difference. If I wished it ever so much I couldn't do it. And I've been horribly hard hit myself lately. But"—his countenance was as suddenly irradiated by this inspiration as if he had not led up to it from the beginning—"why don't you go to Hump? He does a little in that way, I know. He may make you pay for it, for he's a bit hard-fisted; but he's a good sort at bottom, and if you can show him anything for it I've no doubt he'll do it."

Any port in a storm. The boy hailed this promise of deliverance in his heart, and crowded on all sail to reach it. The friendly Hump was at that moment in the club, and being sent for appeared without delay. Captain Heaton left the pigeon and the rook together, and in half an hour the business was arranged. At the end of the negotiations Mr. Herbert Whale had parted with his cheque for four hundred pounds, and had undertaken to send to the borrower's house fifty pounds' worth of champagne of a brand as yet unknown, which was guaranteed to beat anything in the market when once it got there, and a half case of cigars, also priced at fifty pounds, and of a quality in both senses unheard of. In return for this young Wynne had accepted a bill at three months for eight hundred and fifty pounds. Hump had been merciful, and had charged him less than four hundred per cent. per annum.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Master Harry found time to think about things he began to see that the helpful Hump had been less generous than he had at the first blush appeared. That the champagne turned out to be utterly abominable, and that the cigars were worth something like a quarter of their professed value, may have helped the process of enlightenment. Even without their aid he could see that to pay eight hundred and fifty pounds for a loan of five hundred for three months was to buy a temporary relief rather dearly. He found that to fill one hole he had dug a larger, and being in the main a reasonable young fellow, he took the matter seriously to heart, and cast about in his own mind and in the world at large for means whereby he might amend at once his ways and his financial position.

He had a little superficial acquaintance with the classics and a pretty knack of turning verses. He had actually been already in print, and readers of one of the lighter journals knew to whom to attribute certain elegant lines addressed to *Inthia*, and signed H. W. He had a sort of vague notion that literature was one of the ways to wealth, an idea which says something for the sanguine turn of his mind and for his inexperience.

He was on fairly intimate terms with the editor of the journal in question, and before his financial arrangement with Mr. Whale was a week old he called at the office with a little bundle of manuscript which he had selected from the trifles of the last half-dozen years. The editor glanced at them, and tossed them lightly about with an indifference that was somewhat disheartening. This one would do perhaps, and perhaps this other; as for the rest—well, he would look them over. He might find a corner for them. The budding author suggested payment, said something in a vague and general way about the necessity of buckling to at one thing

or another, and expressed his resolution to abide by literature, for which he was modestly convinced that he had a native aptitude. In effect he and the editor did come to actual terms, and the young gentleman found himself engaged on approval at a rate of remuneration which might rise to five pounds per week or sink to three. Obviously there was no Eldorado here, but for all that it was better than nothing, and Harry felt a glow of conscious rectitude as he emerged upon the street.

He cut the club almost entirely, and he slaved away at verse and prose under the natural and excusable impression that he was bringing about something like a new era in letters, and that he had at least set his foot on the first rung of the golden ladder.

When this had been going on for about a month he encountered Captain Peter Heaton, who hailed him cordially and dropped the friendliest possible little reminder about Hump's bill. Captain Heaton was sorry to tell the young fellow that Hump had been very hard hit, and would be certain to want his money up to time. This was a new shock, for Harry had allowed himself to hope almost with certainty that the bill could be renewed, and had indeed staved off in fancy its final payment to some indefinitely distant period when money would be comparatively a matter of indifference to him.

Being thus enforced to look still more widely afield for ways and means, he called to mind a certain Fergusson, a contractor in a great way of business, and a member of Parliament, whom he had met at the house of Lord Hounes. This Fergusson was a Scotchman—a man of energy and probity, who had one foible. He wanted to associate with people of fashion, and would have given anything for a baronetcy. Young Wynne mixed with the best people in England, and when he came seeking employment in Fergusson's office he got it without demur, and with it a salary of two hundred pounds

a year, which was at least a hundred more than he was worth to begin with. All the ways opened themselves to the young man, but none of them led to immediate fortune. He could command now an income of seven hundred pounds a year, and if he lived like an anchorite and worked like a slave he could hope to pay off Hump's bill in about a year and a half. He went on trusting to the chapter of accidents, and was warmly applauded by elderly friends and relatives, who knew nothing of the motive which pushed him to such promising efforts.

Sometimes, when the weight of the Hump slipped for a moment from his shoulders, he felt wonderfully happy and virtuous. He had plenty of capacities, and had such stores of health and spirits that no amount of work seemed to overtire him. The more he did the better he grew to like it, and he quite wondered that he had ever thought himself at ease in the old idle, vacuous days.

Whilst this new tide of energy and resolve was running he began to think with greater seriousness than ever about the virtues and personal perfections of Miss Inthia Grey. He had known Miss Grey from her childhood, and even in the days of the Eton jacket and collar had regarded her with thoughts of worship. There had been of course an interregnum in his passion; but when the brutal period of adolescence, at which all girls are despicable in a boy's eyes, was over he had come back to the original shrine and had performed secret rites of adoration there. It was she who had prompted his muse and had given life to the verses signed H. W. in the journal of which he was now a recognized contributor. In the boyish efflorescence of his heart he made great matter of this, and told himself that love had found the way to fame and fortune.

The harder he worked the more he thought of Inthia, and the more he thought of Inthia the more he was inspired to labour.

Of course nobody is expected to share a lover's raptures about his mistress, but making all allowances for natural exaggeration, Inthia Grey was a very charming and beautiful girl. She had at this period of her life a complexion of remarkable purity and brilliance, a colour so rich and fine that it would alone have made her noticeable amongst a crowd of young girls of her age. In addition to this she had the softest, shyest, most speaking and amiable eyes, a figure full of delicate grace and vivacity, and a very jewel of a heart. She was not quite eighteen, but Lady Caroline McCorquodale, who was supposed to know her as well as anybody, was wont to say that she had, under all her airs of quiet submission, a character of unusual firmness and tenacity.

Lady Caroline McCorquodale was the eldest and only surviving daughter of the Earl of Bridgebourne. Her ladyship had united herself early in life to a young Scottish clergyman whom the family influence had brought to the dignity of lawn-sleeves and a seat in the House of Peers. Miss Grey was a niece of the late bishop, and her ladyship, who had no children, had adopted the girl in her very earliest childhood as her own.

The whole family had been aware of Master Harry's infatuation for Lady Caroline's beautiful little ward, and when they were no more than children together had thought his devotion and her acceptance of it a very pretty sight to witness, as no doubt it was. As the young people grew up towards manhood and womanhood the case had begun to assume a graver air. There had been one or two informal family councils, at which the position of affairs had been discussed. It was admitted that if anything should come of the evident preference the young people showed for each other the advantages were all on Inthia's side. Lady Caroline made no secret of the fact that she meant to leave her money to the girl. The late bishop had been a saving man, and

outside the publicly-announced benefactions enforced by his position had spent next to nothing of his income. Inthia would be well to do, and Harry, except for the limited fortune his Uncle Percy would leave him, would have nothing. It would be a brilliant match for the boy therefore, and by no means a brilliant match for the girl. Still the whole thing was in the family, and there was no objection made by the responsible people on either side.

As the time approached for the payment of the bill Harry discovered that he could by no means hope to provide more than a hundred pounds towards meeting it, but he made himself fairly easy about it after the manner of youth under the belief that the holder would renew. He hardly went near the club, but he had casual meetings with his old friends of the Five-Year-Old, and learned to his great rejoicing that Hump had been in extraordinary vein of late, and had been raking in money by the handful. He had no particular affection for Hump, and only rejoiced in that personage's good luck because it seemed likely to be serviceable to himself. He thought that a creditor with his pockets full of money would be pleasanter to deal with than one whose pockets were empty—which again might be accepted as a proof of the young man's ignorance of the world.

But when the day of settling approached, and Harry Wynne met Mr. Whale by appointment, he encountered an unexpected blow in the first sentence that was spoken.

"I was afraid," said Whale, who was a mournfully confidential man, with a high falsetto voice and a habit of boring an interlocutor into corners, "I was afraid that you weren't going to turn up, and I'm so rotten poor that upon my word I don't know where to look for a fiver."

This staggered the debtor for a moment.

"I am horribly sorry to hear it, old fellow, but——"

"For heaven's sake," said the plaintive Whale, "don't tell me you're not

going to do it. I've got nine hundred to find to-morrow, and I don't know more than the man in the moon where to look for the other fifty."

"I thought you'd been winning all over the shop," young Wynne answered feebly. "I haven't been about the club much lately, but when I have met any of the fellows I've heard of nothing but your luck."

"You haven't heard much of my luck," piped Whale, "for this last three weeks, or if you have I haven't. I'm stone-broken, my boy, and that's all about it. I've got to pay Hoskins of Cork Street nine hundred to-morrow, and if you can't meet the bill I must hand it over to him. You know what sort of a fellow he is."

Harry was perfectly ignorant of the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Hoskins, but there was so serious a foreboding in Mr. Whale's tone that his heart quailed at him.

"What can he do?" he asked.

"Do!" said Whale, in his anguished falsetto. "He can't do much. He can only run us both into the Bankruptcy Court, and that means ruin—to me, anyhow. I don't know how your people might take it."

At this point, with an aspect of resigned despair, he commenced a brandy and soda, bit off the end of a cigar with a sudden malicious, spiteful jerkiness, and having apparently forgotten to light it, plunged himself moodily into an arm-chair, and did his best to look wretched and disconsolate.

The pigeon had no need to assume any of the airs the rook was acting. He felt quite overwhelmed by this unexpected turn of affairs.

"Look here, Hump," he said in hopeless apology, "I've got a hundred, and if you can stave the thing off for another three months you're welcome to it. I'm awfully sorry, old man," he added, with unnecessary contrition. "If I had thought I was putting you into a hole I would never have borrowed the money. I'm earning money now, and I shall earn more as I go on, and if I could only have an hour or two

to turn round in I could pay it all without bothering anybody."

"My dear boy," Whale responded, with a voice and air of profound wretchedness, "if they'd only give me a month I'm as safe as the bank. But old Hoskins is worse than a Jew; he'll have his pound of flesh to-morrow, and he'll take it off both of us, and that's all about it."

This was a sufficiently unpleasant prospect, and Harry sat in silence to contemplate it. He glanced now and again at Whale, who preserved throughout a very creditable assumption of despair. Nothing was said between them for perhaps five minutes, when the rook suddenly leaned over and laid a hand upon his companion's shoulder. The youngster, looking up, seemed to read a gleam of hope in his eyes.

"I've got an idea, my boy. I think we can work it. Your credit's pretty good, isn't it? You don't owe much?"

"I don't owe a hundred, outside this," young Wynne answered. "I paid off two or three thousand nine months ago, and I've been going pretty steady since."

"Then we *can* do it," cried Whale, slapping him on the shoulder with a beaming smile. "Butterfield will do it for us."

"Butterfield?"

"Yes, Butterfield,—Conduit Street, —Jeweller."

"What will he do?"

"He'll let a fellow in your position have a bracelet or two, or something of that sort. You needn't tell him what you want 'em for. He'll simply think it's for some girl or other. Attenborough will do the rest."

As before, any port in a storm; but this particular entrance looked perilous, and the mariner was afraid of it for a while.

"Butterfield won't bother you for a couple of years;" and at that assurance all sense of danger vanished. "You'll have to get seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds' worth;" and at that the victim winced a little. "It won't make any difference, my boy. You

can pay interest on it at your uncle's until you redeem it, and then Butterfield will take it back again, and only charge you a commission for it."

"He doesn't know anything about me," said Wynne.

"Oh, yes, he does, my boy. You trust Butterfield. Your name's in Debrett—that's good enough for him."

Master Wynne jumped into a cab, and drove straight to the jeweller's. Mr. Butterfield was the pink of courtesy, and apparently had no suspicion in his nature. He held a pair of white hands up to his chin and smoothed them one over the other with a constant caressing motion, expressive of a fluttered deference. Mr. Butterfield had never before had the extreme honour of dealing with a member of the Bridgebourne family. He was delighted to secure Mr. Wynne's custom, and trusted to satisfy him by their first transaction, as to secure his constant patronage, and, he hoped, the patronage of the family. What did Mr. Wynne desire? A bracelet or a *rivière*, or both? The moment was curiously opportune. He had just that moment received from his principal workman a perfect little masterpiece of art. It could be worn as a bracelet, as a brooch, as an ornament for the hair, or as a centrepiece for the *rivière* which accompanied it. The stones were Brazilian, and of the purest water—not the rubbish nowadays imported from the Cape. Mr. Butterfield produced the glittering little object in its morocco case with a lining of sapphire-coloured velvet and white satin. Mr. Wynne could observe its extreme neatness, its—its chastity. The price of this charming little object was, it turned out, phenomenal for cheapness. It was only two thousand three hundred pounds, and Mr. Butterfield declared with fervour that no other jeweller in the West End was in a position to offer such an article for less than three thousand.

Mr. Wynne, nervously caressing his incipient moustache, thought it would serve his purpose admirably. Mr.

Butterfield rubbed his hands the more at this, and with a confidential certainty into which a little air of the most refined and respectful jocularly was allowed to creep, ventured to think that the lady would approve of it.

An hour later the trinket was in the hands of Mr. Attenborough, and the dreaded bill was in ashes in the fire-grate of Harry Wynne's chambers.

Still an hour later Captain Peter Heaton and Mr. Herbert Whale sat in Mr. Butterfield's private room over a glass of singularly fine old Madeira, and amicably arranged the share which should fall to each of them when Mr. Wynne's family should have been compelled to pay for his purchase.

CHAPTER III.

It was two o'clock on the Saturday preceding the Christmas week, and Mr. Fergusson, who was already gloved, great-coated, and ready to depart, had sent a message to Mr. Wynne, requesting a moment's interview.

"I never had a gentleman under my orders until now," said the great contractor, "and when I first engaged ye, Mr. Wynne, I confess that I had a certain misgiving in regard to the enterprise. I've sent for ye to tell ye that I'm very much pleased indeed with your assiduity and your business intelligence. The hill of commercial prosperity, Mr. Wynne, is difficult to climb, and no man can do it by spurts. I'm a pretty quick obsairver, and I'm inclined to think that ye have the root of the matter in ye. I sent for ye on purpose to tell ye of my satisfaction, and as a sign of it ye'll find your salary raised next year to the extent of twelve pounds ten per quarter. Now to a young gentleman of your up-bringing that sum may appear very insignificant, but you may regard it as the first indication of successful merit. I wish ye a merry

Christmas, Mr. Wynne, and a happy new year."

The increase in itself was not magnificent, but it was an earnest of future things, and the kind words which went with it warmed the young fellow's heart. He climbed on to a westward omnibus, and took a certain hardy pride in facing the weather in that economic fashion. He had a fortnight's holiday before him, and gave idleness the first welcome he had ever offered it in his life, having learned its sweets from labour. All his journalistic work was ready beforehand, and his portmanteaux were already packed for a visit to Lady Caroline McCorquodale's house at Norwood, where he would encounter the divine and perfect Inthia. He had come to that loverlike stage by this time in which a young man discovers that he is absolutely unworthy of the regard of the girl he cares for, and when his knowledge of her affection fills him with a profound humility and disposes him to high resolve. The routine of the office was glorified by the thought of her, and when he lashed vice or exalted virtue in his weekly article or his prettily turned verses, Inthia was always with him, and the thought of her, to his own mind, inspired him to an excellence he could never have achieved without her.

Romance is not of much use to a young man of limited income, unless it lead him amongst other things to the study of figures. It had led him in that direction, and he had drawn up a creditably business-like balance-sheet by means of which he saw himself and the world no more than a thousand pounds at variance. He would pay interest on the jewels until such time as he could redeem them, and would then be able to return them to Mr. Butterfield at a sacrifice of perhaps a couple of hundred pounds. His income was increasing—he had withdrawn his expenditure to the narrowest limits; he was working for love's sake, and felt as if

there were no end to energy or success, and in two years at the least he would be clear. He felt mightily experienced at this time, and realized, as he thought, quite clearly, the price he had paid for his whistle. He had had his lesson, so he told himself and had paid for it, and sometimes, though he was not often of a devotional turn, he thanked providence devoutly for having opened his eyes so early. He was young, and the world lay before him to conquer and subdue. There was not a lad in London on that grimy afternoon whose heart beat to a more honestly exultant tune than his.

The hansom was already at the door to carry him and his belongings to Victoria, and he was actually upon the threshold when the postman brought him a letter which completed his beatitude. It came from the editor of a popular magazine, announced that the article he had sent in a week or two before was accepted, and contained the welcome intelligence that it would be paid for. There are writers who receive more than the half-guinea a page offered for Harry Wynne's first contribution to the magazines, but they are veterans or specialists, and no more get flushed with joy over their earnings than a provision-dealer over the profits on the sale of bacon. The budding author felt his cheeks flush and his eye kindle as he read. He was lord of himself and of the world.

With this happy exaltation scarcely subdued he reached his journey's end. Lady Caroline actually came into the entrance-hall to receive him, an act of cordiality and condescension that imposing and stately woman had never before permitted herself. Lady Caroline was of majestic proportions, and strictly clerical in her dress and demeanour, as befitted the relict of a bishop. The sainted doctor had had a severe time of it in his day, and her ladyship had ruled him by the power of the house of Bridgebourne as with a rod of iron. He

had been a man of comparatively humble extraction, and had never overgrown the pragmatistical Scottish humility which had distinguished him in his earlier days. A kind of wonder sat upon the good man's soul to find himself the son-in-law of a peer, and legislating under the same gilded roof with him for the benefit of common people. Lady Caroline had taken good care of that amazement, and had always kept it alive and flourishing. Now that the good doctor had escaped her rule he had grown to be a king and a saint among men in her remembrance. His portrait decorated almost every apartment in the house, smiling with a sour, thin, logical look from the family canvas, from the photographer's paper, and in the servants' bedrooms from the framed front pages of illustrated evangelical journals, where the impress of the sainted countenance was dented by the uneven type of the hidden page.

Lady Caroline McCorquodale was ten years younger than her brother Lord Hounes, and was therefore at this time fifty-seven years of age. She carried the muscle of the family, and at one time had had some pretensions to beauty, though these had long since worn away. She always wore her widow's weeds, and what with a natively imperious temperament and a long life of government, had developed a gait and bearing like those of a permanently indignant queen. When she was gracious she was all the more agreeable by contrast; but her amiabilities were rare, and her servants in especial lived in dread of her chill and dignified asperities.

While her ladyship was greeting her great-nephew in the hall an apparition presented itself upon the staircase and drew his eyes and attention that way. Inthia stood smiling at him from the stairway, looking sweetly pretty in a plain dress of Scotch grey tweed. She advanced after a pause of a second

or two, and gave him her hand with a pretty blush. The boy's eyes looked adoration at her, and as the little warm hand nestled in his own for a mere instant he thrilled all over, and was ready to slay dragons. Even her stern ladyship smiled, well pleased at their meeting, and indeed the person would have been hard to please who would not have looked on the young pair with satisfaction. The lad, with his fair close-cropped head, brave forehead, and candid eyes, and his tall slim figure with its promise of manly strength, and the girl, *mignonne* and graceful, with her steadfast look and changeful colour, made a charming picture.

The two young people said little, but they looked a great deal; and when Harry had superintended the unpacking of his belongings he sought the drawing-room, and charmed all ears by a modest recital of his successes. Lady Caroline was proud of him, but was not overmuch disposed to show it.

"In my time," she said, with dignity, "gentlemen were not supposed to enter into commerce or letters or that kind of thing. But in these democratic days things are different. We cannot change the times, and I suppose we must go with them like other people. I trust that I shall always speak of papa with the respect which befits his position and his age; but if I occupied his place I would take care that my descendants, at least during my lifetime, were not obliged to derogate from their own proper place in the world."

Inthia was of a different opinion, and for this three months past had accustomed herself to think nobly of commerce. As for her lover's turn for verses, she compared it to Præd's (which was more than the general public did), and even thought it if anything a little superior. He was altogether a hero in her eyes, and that he should scorn delights and live laborious days made him of course more noble than ever. She glowed over the editor who had accepted the young gentle-

man's first magazine-article, and thought him the most discerning of men.

The dinner and the evening passed as dinners and evenings usually pass. The next day was lovely. There had been a fall of snow during the night. The wind blew keen and bracing from the north, and the sun shone brightly with a reddish tinge, as if his face were blown into light and colour by that exhilarating air. The young lovers walked to church together, leaving her ladyship to drive thither with the late bishop's sister, Mrs. Brotherick, and that lady's daughters, the Misses Arabella and Julia.

Perhaps the whole of their contemplations were not directed towards the service, and perhaps even the periods of the rosy-cheeked curate, delightfully intoned as they were, failed to enlist their complete attention. Pleasanter than the rosy-cheeked curate's periods to the ears of the whole congregation Inthia's voice sounded in the musical service of the morning. And if the whole congregation found those fresh, clear, and natural notes pleasant to listen to, it may be taken for granted that her lover found them at least as agreeable as any other listener. The girl had no more thought of singing for show than the robin-redbreast who, excited by the music within the building, perched himself on a tombstone outside and carolled in the intervals of the service; but simply and quietly as she sang, the notes were so pure and true that they made their way through the general clamour of choir and congregation with as little effort as a beam of light shows when it throws a shaft across the darkness. Harry looked at her and thought of Saint Cecilia and of Reynolds's lovely picture of Miss Lindley, to which indeed she bore some resemblance. If it is heathenish in a young gentleman of two or three and twenty to kneel in spirit at love's shrine in a Christian church it is to be feared that there are many cultured young heathens in the world; and perhaps after all a young

man may be worse occupied even in church than in making honest and manly vows to himself in behalf of the tender and delicate creature whom he means, if he can, to marry. This was certainly Harry's chief spiritual employment for the time being, and by the time the service was over he was in as proper a state of self-abasement and good resolve as if every one of the rosy curate's moral shafts had found a target in his bosom.

Lady Caroline sailed majestically down the aisle when the service was over, followed in a meeker reflected glory by Mrs. Brotherick and the Misses Arabella and Julia. Harry and his sweetheart lingered behind a little, to give them time to drive away. The slide of the box in which the pew-library was kept was opportunely obstinate, and would not close until they had stooped over it for quite a long time, with heads and hands in near neighbourhood. The beneficent obstacle yielded when it had served its turn, and the young people were free to walk home together alone and undisturbed. The curate, who at the bottom of his heart had no love for the practice of oratory, had been merciful to himself, and had preached as short a sermon as he dared, so that the lovers had a clear three-quarters of an hour to luncheon, and could walk by a circuitous and countrified route that fine morning.

They had not much to say to each other, and the few sentences they spoke were uttered by fits and starts. The pretty little girl in her furs and the tall lad in his overcoat looked peculiarly demure, and to the unintelligent eye gave no sign of their inward condition. In their hearts they were perfectly certain of each other, and yet they were full of those tender, plaguing, and delightful doubts with which love is familiar. They were sorely in want of a neutral theme to talk about, and by and by they found one. A remarkably Christmas-looking old gentleman, with trimmed mutton-chop whiskers of a snowy whiteness,

a face red with good living, stout health, and winter weather, and a figure and attire strongly reminiscent of the John Bull of Mr. Tenniel, was in the act of bowing to an old lady who paused at the door of her house to respond to his courtesy. The old gentleman's bow was perfectly polite, but had yet a tinge of friendly respectful waggery and burlesque in it, as if in the amiable exuberance of his heart he rather overdid it. He had just re-covered his shining old head with his broad-brimmed old-fashioned hat, when he turned, and, catching sight of Inthia, bowed again.

"Good morning, my dear," said the old gentleman, with a chuckle in his voice. "You sang charmingly in church this morning. It is a great treat to hear a fine voice in devotional music. I had a voice myself once on a time, but that was long ago."

Harry supposed naturally that this hearty old personage was known to his companion, and stood smilingly to listen to his compliments. The old gentleman, quite *sans gêne*, took from Inthia's hands the book she carried, and fluttered over the pages of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* until he found a certain page, when, with a stout, gloved forefinger following the notes, he began to hum the tune they indicated in a quaint, quavering old tenor, which had yet a husky mellowness in it.

"Fine tune, Old Boston," said the old gentleman. "Many fine tunes here, and I am sure, my dear, that you sing them all delightfully. I wish it were my privilege to hear you. Good morning, my dear, and forgive an old gentleman for complimenting you."

With that the old gentleman gave another sweeping bow with the old-fashioned hat, and walked away radiant, having returned the book to Inthia's hand still open at the page to which he had referred.

"Who is he?" Harry asked, when he had gone out of hearing.

"I don't know him," Inthia responded, her dark eyes dancing with

fun; "but he is a very delightful old gentleman."

They laughed happily together, and walked on with their late uneasiness banished from their minds.

"He's an excellent critic," said Harry. "We must allow him that much, at least. What does he call the tune he was humming?"

He bent his head to look at the page, and Inthia held it open before him in her two little gloved hands. They were quite alone upon the road, for they had naturally chosen the least frequented way, and Harry essayed, in imitation of the vanished eccentric, to hum the tune before him. He sang like a raven, and horribly out of time.

"No, no!" said Inthia, "this is how it goes," and she hummed it slowly, following the notes with her finger as the old gentleman had done a minute or two earlier. "Look," she said; "where the note stands higher than the one before it the voice rises. That is not a very profound lesson in music, but it is true."

She hummed the air once more, pensively and softly, still tracing the notes with her forefinger. The little nail was clearly defined beneath the glove, and the boy traced its outline with the absurdest delightful emotion. He bent down closer and closer, doubtless moved by a desire to master the intricacies of the tune. There was nobody in sight, and the friendly solitude of the fields was all about them. There were high hedges on either side, their bare curves festooned with snow, and glittering in the sunlight like fairy silver. It was uncomfortable to look sideways, and he dropped a half pace behind, so that from his superior height he could look easily over her shoulder. She, to give him a clear view, inclined her head a little to the right, and so gave him a glimpse of her rosy white neck, with a stray tiny curl or two enhancing its fairness by contrast. The young gentleman forgot the tune, so slight a thing will divert the youthful mind from study, but the girl went

on pensively humming it. Then, whether it were the delightful finger that still followed the notes, or the pretty round neck with the black ringlets curling upon it, or the tune of Old Boston so sweetly murmured, or all these together, the young man's arm went suddenly but softly round the girl's waist, and the grave, quiet music stopped in the middle. Their feet stood still together on the snow-covered road, and the boy stole his right hand round her until it reached her right shoulder. Then he drew her gently round, and stooped, to look into her drooping face.

"Inthia, my darling! My dear, dear Inthia."

And that, so far as we have a right to inquire, was the whole of the business.

The winter day had been radiant enough before, but the fresh, bright wind might have blown as balmy as in the summer time and they have known no difference. The glorious winter sunlight danced on the fields, and lit every spray of the hedges and every stark wayside weed with a sort of splendour. They walked in fairyland. We have all been there at one time or another, but no man, or woman either, finds an abiding city there. The moments we spent in that enchanted region were brief, but how sweet they were memory knows.

The young people were late for luncheon, and to be late for anything in which she herself was concerned was a rule among the unpardonable sins in Lady Caroline's eyes. But for once she was disposed to be gracious, and the wonderfully bright, glad countenances of the culprits may have had something to do with the softening of her ladyship's martinet disposition. The presence of a visitor would alone have restrained her from any overt expression of insulted majesty, and as it happened a visitor was present.

Mr. Humphrey Frost was the head of one of the oldest untitled families in Great Britain, and was as solidly

proud of being a commoner as he could have been if his forebears had been decorated with every title royalty can bestow. The Bridgebournes were of an old house, but the roots of the Frost family tree went deep into English soil, and the first bearers of the name of whom history held record were solid franklins in Saxon England generations before the Conqueror's followers found fortunes and titles there. Mr. Frost was not only of a very ancient family, but he was, as the representatives of ancient families sometimes are not, prodigiously wealthy. The railway had made towns of his broad fields, and in doing so had made him a millionaire twice or thrice over. He was not a handsome man, and for his thirty years looked a trifle grizzled and old-fashioned, but he had a thoroughly English *bonhomie*—which by the way is so thoroughly an English quality that there ought to be an English word for it—a smile that illuminated his plain face like sunshine, and a character of sterling, cheerful honesty. In manner he was at once polished and hearty, and there was hardly a man of his time more universally respected. He was a politician, for sheer fault of opportunity to be something more useful, a sound adviser and fair debater, though not brilliant, or likely, apart from wealth and personal influence, to be of striking use to his party.

In the eyes of the maternal population of these islands Humphrey Frost shone with an almost sacred lustre. There were one or two better matches possible for marriageable daughters, but only one or two. And then Mr. Frost's character was unimpeachable, which was more than could be said for all his compeers. He had kept no occult establishment by the side of silver Thames, maintained no stud, and owned no sporting colours. He had always been cheerfully serious, and without being the least little bit of a milksop had led a life curiously pure and free from blame for an unoccupied man who had had the handling

of vast sums of money from his youth upwards. In short he was a gentleman of as old a fashion as his name and family, honourable, chaste, and high-minded, a standing unconscious reproach to half his compeers.

Mr. Frost had so long been the hope and despair of the best families with marriageable daughters on hand, that by this time almost everybody had decided upon his being intractable and a born old bachelor. The net had been spread in sight of the bird so often that he had grown exceptionally wary, even for so old a stager as himself. Of all the wiles and stratagems which are held lawful and honourable in the outer courts of Hymen there was probably not one which had not at some time or other been employed upon him, but he had never been entangled by so much as a feather. The world of matrons desperately resigned itself to let him alone.

Mr. Frost and Lady Caroline were friends of long standing, and Mr. Frost's father had been an early patron of the lamented bishop's, having presented him with his first living, so that there was a tie of friendship between the two houses. Outside the magnificent ægis of Lady Caroline Mrs. Brotherick was socially an inconsiderable person, and she knew nothing, except at second and third hand, of Frost's impregnability to matrimonial assault. Her motherly bosom fluttered when she learned that he was in the house, and had actually consented to stay to luncheon. Was it—gracious powers!—was it Julia, or was it Arabella whose charms had brought the super-eligible young man hither? She was tremulously courteous to him, and did *kotow* before him as if she had been an ambassador and he a heathen potentate. Arabella and Julia fluttered their pretty plumage, and with a fine sisterly abnegation each helped the other to the display of her particular charms and virtues. Such an innocent, unsuspecting, dear little nest of marriageable maiden purity they showed that the eligible *parti*.

whose sense of humour in this regard had been cultivated to the finest, smiled inwardly, and had some trouble not to smile outwardly.

The lovers took the ambrosia and nectar of that feast in a charmed silence, and Lady Caroline had most of the talking. She disapproved of the rosy curate's doctrinal laxity, and triumphantly crushed him in the theological mill bequeathed to her by the late bishop, proving triumphantly by extracts from his published discourses the curate's fallacies.

Mr. Frost took this as he took most things, with a serene good humour, and being alone with her ladyship for a moment after luncheon, he startled that excellent woman amazingly by asking for an immediate private interview. Her ladyship at once accorded his request, and left Mrs. Brotherick and the girls to wonder. A strange conflict of doubt and fear raged in those tender bosoms. Lady Caroline was the recognized and undeniable head of their house. Was it etiquette that an intending suitor should apply to her rather than to mamma? Mrs. Brotherick humbly knew herself to be far removed from the exalted circles in which Lady Caroline had her habitual being. She was ignorant of these *nuances*, and could only wait in agitated suspense.

Humphrey Frost went straight to his point, as was the way with him.

"Tell me, Lady Caroline," he said, "if I am right in supposing that Miss Grey is free to accept an offer of marriage."

CHAPTER IV.

HER ladyship was taken all abroad by this question. She confessed afterwards in narrating the interview that she had never been so amazed in her life before—so transcendently surprised, were her ladyship's own words. Her amazement was so little guarded that she permitted Frost to see it, but she recovered herself, and offered him a counter question.

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"May I ask, Mr. Frost, why you put that question to me?"

"I wish to make Miss Grey my wife," said Mr. Frost with straightforward simplicity.

Lady Caroline had been perfectly sure beforehand that this would be at least the gist of his answer, and yet when it came it seemed almost to take her breath away.

"I was quite unprepared for this," she said gravely, collecting herself. "You do Inthia a very high honour, but I am really afraid that you come too late."

"I hope not," said Frost. He was very solid and purposeful in his manner, and at Lady Caroline's hint of failure his colour changed slightly, but not so slightly that her ladyship failed to observe it. It gave her a proof of his sincerity in the matter, and she saw at once that his feelings were really engaged. She took an immediate championship of his cause, even in the self-same instant in which it exasperated her to think that it was probably hopeless. To think that a woman of her perspicacity had allowed herself to look on at that silly calf-courtship of Harry Wynne's, while such a chance as this was ready to present itself! She knew Humphrey Frost well enough to be sure that he had thought long and seriously before speaking, and she had been so blind that she had guessed absolutely nothing.

All this gave Inthia a new value in her eyes. In her own stately, condescending fashion she had approved the girl, but Mr. Frost's proposal set such a stamp of distinction upon her that an unwilling admiration was extorted in the old lady's mind. It placed Inthia in another air to think that she might be to-morrow the enemy of every marriageable girl in England.

"Humphrey," she said, falling back into the familiarity of twenty years ago, "I will do what I can. I had never thought it possible—I had never so much as dreamed of you coming for her. Between ourselves, you and I

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need have no disguises about one thing. There is not a girl in England whose parents would not jump at you. Your money and your family entitle you to that, and you have an excellent character. It is so self-evident that it seems absurd to say it, but if I had had to choose a husband for Inthia I should have chosen you. But you must know that the whole family has allowed the thing to go on so long, and Inthia has grown so accustomed to regard it as being settled."

"Let me understand you, Lady Caroline," said Frost with a disturbed and puzzled look. "Miss Grey has no suitor?"

"Indeed she has," responded her ladyship, in an almost querulous tone; "she has been as good as engaged all her lifetime to Harry Wynne."

Mr. Frost smiled, and looked at her ladyship. She, in answer to the smile, shook her head in a sort of vigorous despondency, and Frost became immediately serious.

"Young Wynne," he urged, "is barely out of his teens."

"He is turned two and twenty," responded her ladyship; "and really there is no denying that they are devotedly attached to each other. We have made a sort of family pastime of it. It has been a pretty little sort of pastoral comedy, going on under our noses; and we have all permitted it and petted it and encouraged it until I am afraid that it is past changing."

"They are devotedly attached to each other?" said Frost, who had heard nothing beyond that statement. "That should be enough for a man, I suppose." He was bitterly and evidently disappointed, and his simple and quiet manner emphasized that fact to Lady Caroline's understanding. "It certainly should be enough for me," he pursued, "if Mr. Wynne and Miss Grey were a little older. I think Mr. Wynne has no especial prospects?"

"His uncle Percy allows him three hundred a year," her ladyship answered; "and he is engaged with Mr. Ferguson in the city; and between that and

his verses and magazine-articles he seems to make four or five hundred more."

Humphrey Frost looked at that statement thoughtfully, and for the moment quite unselfishly. To a man of his wealth the provision looked beggarly.

"Can you think," he asked, "of throwing away a girl like Miss Grey upon a prospect of that kind?" He was afraid a second later of seeming unworthy of himself. "I beg you to understand me, Lady Caroline. I quite feel the difficulties of the position, and I would not for the world do anything which should even seem to force your ward's inclination. I know that you are so far superior to any sordid consideration in the matter, that I could not enlist you on that side even if I were disposed to try; but this has made itself a serious question with me, and I wish you to understand that I am very much in earnest. I am willing to wait, and I will ask you to do no more than this—lay my proposal before Miss Grey. Let Mr. Wynne know that it has been made, and let Miss Grey herself at the expiration of half a year be the sole arbitress."

"It is quite possible," said her ladyship, with a quiet desperation in her voice which indicated that she thought it quite sufficiently impossible,—"it is quite possible that Harry may have self-denial and pride, and even affection enough for Inthia to retire. It is of course possible also that Inthia may see the advantages which your proposal offers. But they are a romantic young pair, Humphrey, and they have been so encouraged and spoiled."

Her ladyship broke off short once more, and was a good deal surprised to find within her elderly heart a sentiment she had not suspected there. Intensely as she desired the match between Humphrey and Inthia, there was a secret ambushed hope, which was really too foolish to be recognized, that the girl would not permit herself to be tempted from her earlier allegiance. Just that little touch of romance

lingered in Lady Caroline's stately bosom, only of course to be remorselessly smothered.

"You may perhaps do me one favour, Lady Caroline," said Frost, after a lengthy pause.

"I will do whatever I can, my dear Humphrey," her ladyship answered, all the more eagerly because of the traitorous womanly touch of romance in her own heart.

"It would be a relief to me if you could lay my proposal before Miss Grey this afternoon. Let her know, if you please, all that I desire for the present, and let me know in what manner she receives it. If she should desire a longer period than six months, or indeed should make any conditions, I accede to them beforehand. Of course," he added, with a valiant smile, "Miss Grey will understand that I shall not be in any way a trouble to her."

Her ladyship and he rose together, and she, laying a hand upon his shoulder, looked into his face.

"You care very much about this, Humphrey?"

"My dear lady," he answered, smiling and blushing at the same time, "I care about it very much indeed."

"I will see what I can do," she said, and so left him and went in search of Inthia.

That little foolish compunction was in her breast again, and had to be sternly quenched. But her ladyship knew very well that she would have another sort of respect for the wife of poor Harry Wynne than she would have for the brilliant mistress of Humphrey Frost's half-dozen castles and mansions. She would have to be angry with the girl's romanticism if she clung to the poorer man, but at bottom she would have to love and admire her for it. So in a very compound of feelings, none of which her majestic countenance and person suffered to appear, she made for the conservatory, where she knew she was likeliest to find Inthia. Where Inthia was, Harry Wynne was pretty sure to be, and the girl never evinced in his

absence that marked partiality for the conservatory she displayed at the time of his visits.

They were there sure enough, but at a rather suspicious distance from each other, warned perhaps by Lady Caroline's stiff rustling silks and her hardly sylph-like footsteps.

"Harry," she said, breaking ground at once, "will you leave us for half an hour? I have something to say to Inthia."

A strange gloom settled at once on the boy's heart, a premonition of trouble, associated with no fact or person, but not less genuine on that account. He withdrew at once, of course, and without question, and taking his hat went out of doors, and paced moodily up and down the clean-swept drive, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat tilted forward on to the bridge of his nose. Humphrey Frost, who was doing his four miles an hour on the carpet, cast a chance look out of window and beheld his rival. A touch of momentary shame laid a finger on him. He was using his wealth and position to oust a poor lover; but after all the poor lover was no more than a boy, and he had the common sense of the situation on his side as well as his own passion. What helped him most to shake off shame's clinging finger was the thought of Inthia holding her poor state somewhere in the district of Bloomsbury, buried in a half decent, struggling poverty. He pitied the romantic dream he came to disturb: he had, as perhaps few men in his place would have had, a genuine feeling for it; but he himself was in love, and with mingled egotism and good reason he told himself that at his age love had a much more radical root than it has in the heart of two-and-twenty. Boys change and forget, and, said Humphrey Frost to himself, "I have enough to last me my lifetime."

"Inthia, dear," said Lady Caroline, "I have something to say to you."

Inthia slid an arm about the elderly

lady's waist, and laid her tender cheek against that formidable bosom.

"I have something to say to you, auntie," she answered.

"I have the greatest news for you," Lady Caroline responded.

"You cannot have such news for me as I have for you," said Inthia. "Let me tell mine first."

"Very well, my dear," said the old lady, with a rather cold sinking of the heart.

She divined the news already, and it made her task so difficult that for all her ordinary strength and resolution she felt quite helpless.

Inthia put the other arm about the old lady's waist, and clasped both hands behind her, bending her head so as to hide her eyes, which she knew to be sleepily heavy with the hot blush that mantled on her face. She pressed her cheek closer to the black silk bosom, and told her story in half a dozen words.

"Harry proposed to me this morning."

Oh, luckless coincidence! That the most brilliant offer in the world should come at such a time.

"And you?" said Lady Caroline, tremulously. "What did you say, dear?"

Inthia looked up sweetly and shyly for a mere second, kissed her swiftly, and then hid her own face again.

"I said, 'Yes,' dear."

Lady Caroline gave a heart-breaking sigh. After all, what else on earth could have been expected? The young people had been absolutely thrown at each other from their childhood upward. The whole family, open-eyed, had seen what was coming, and at last it was here. And one of the worst things about it was that there was nobody to blame. Not a creature was in fault from beginning to end, and yet the condition of things was to her ladyship's mind almost cataclysmal.

"My darling," she said, and she found herself so agitated that she spoke with difficulty, "if you had brought

me this news yesterday I should have rejoiced to hear it, and have thought it the most fitting and proper thing to happen in the world."

Inthia had unlocked her hands, and now clasping them before her own bosom, looked at her ladyship with a startled and even terrified air.

"There is nothing to be afraid of, my child. Nothing terrible has happened. On the contrary, there has just been offered to you one of the most brilliant positions in the world. Mr. Frost has laid before me a proposal for your hand."

"Mr. Frost!" Inthia repeated,

"Mr. Frost," said the old lady; "and you must know, my dear, that though we have always looked with the greatest kindness upon Harry, that if we had as much as dreamt of this splendid offer we should never have encouraged his advances for a moment. Now, Inthia, there is nothing to be afraid of, and above all I beseech you not to make a scene. There is nothing I hate like a scene."

The girl's face had gone dangerously pale, and her eyes were wide with fear. Her ladyship was unnaturally petulant at the provoking condition of affairs, but Inthia's look touched her, and brought her back to a moderate and persuasive tone.

"Nothing will be done," she said, "that is not fully and freely of your own doing. Harry will be told of the proposal which has been made, and will I trust have the good sense and right feeling to retire. I think Harry a very manly young fellow, my dear, and I cannot for a moment believe that he will be so selfish as to stand between you and such a prospect. Mr. Frost, to whom I have hinted the position of affairs, is willing to wait for half a year for your decision, but I can tell you, Inthia, I have known Humphrey Frost all his life and there is no better young man in England. I can see that he loves you very dearly. He is a gentleman, and he will never give you any trouble. I shall not ask you for a decisive answer now, of course, but I

shall ask for your serious promise to think it over. I am getting to be an old woman now, and whatever little worldly feeling I may have had has, I trust, long since left me. But I should be blind if I did not see the immense advantages on Mr. Frost's side, and I should certainly be grossly wanting in duty if I did not do my best to impress them upon you."

This harangue had given Inthia time to collect herself.

"I shall be sorry to disappoint you, auntie dear," she answered, "but I shall never marry anybody but Harry now."

"Inthia!" exclaimed her ladyship, "I will not accept an answer of that kind at this moment. It is not what I ask for or desire. What I wish you to do is to consider Mr. Frost's proposal, and to prepare yourself to give him an answer in half a year's time."

"If Mr. Frost cares at all," said Inthia blushing, "it will be far better and kinder to tell him now. I esteem Mr. Frost very highly, and I think that his wife will be a very fortunate woman, but—"

The pretty face was sweetly obdurate, and as she looked at it her ladyship's hopes sank to zero.

"I shall tell Harry," she said, "and expect him to resign his pretensions."

"Auntie dear," the girl answered, with sudden tears in her eyes, "you have been everything to me. Don't let us be angry with each other, and suffer for nothing. If Harry is to be told of this I shall tell him of my answer."

"Inthia!" said the old lady, "you are an ungrateful, disobedient child."

Then there were tears, not on one side merely, and then a reconciliation, and new beseechings on her ladyship's side, but no change on Inthia's.

"You come too late, Humphrey," said her ladyship, when at length she found courage to face the unfortunate suitor. "That dreadful boy has proposed this very morning, and Inthia has accepted him."

"She declines to take my proposal into consideration?"

His face had grown as white as Inthia's had been half an hour before, but his voice was calm and steady.

"She declares, my dear Humphrey, that nothing will change her."

"Tell her, if you please," said Humphrey Frost, "that nothing will change me either. My offer holds good for my lifetime."

(To be continued.)

THOMAS HOOD.

MR. SWINBURNE, in his *Study of Ben Jonson*, has spoken severely, but by no means with extravagant severity, of the ordinary fashion in which English classics are edited. It is bad enough in all conscience; but I do not think I am acquainted with such a bad example of it as the accepted edition of the works of Thomas Hood. To no book known to me is Mr. Carlyle's favourite phrase, "formless agglomeration," more applicable; and one's wrath and despair are not lessened by a preface in which the late Thomas Hood, the younger, announces that the arrangement is "deliberate," is "intended to be of interest to more than the general reader." For the sake of this reader, it would seem, Mr. Hood "diligently traced the order" of his father's works, "added anything that he found of interest bearing upon them," and "left out nothing that may interest the thoughtful and studious." The thoughtful and studious, pleased at these attentions, turn to the text, and what do they find? First of all, three volumes and the greater part of a fourth filled with *Hood's Own*, *Whims and Oddities*, and what-not, served up in any or no order, undated and, so far as can be perceived, unannotated. Then, without any preface, the chronological order appears. From 1821 onwards, poems, essays, jokes, trivial reviews, are huddled together in order of publication, so that we get some sixpenny jests for the London cheek by jowl with *Fair Ines*, while the *Comic Annual* for 1839 and *Miss Kilmansegg* appear to be chapters of *Up the Rhine*. As there is no general index a particular piece must be hunted for all over the ten volumes unless its date is known; while for some mysterious reason the original illustrations, which were in Hood's case inseparably connected with

his subject, are stolen from Peter and given to Paul in the most bewildering fashion; the cuts of *Up the Rhine*, for instance, being taken out of it (an unpardonable outrage for all who know the original form) and scattered about *Hood's Own*. I do not, however, know that even this is quite so unpardonable as the inclusion not only of a vast quantity of trivial matter which Hood did republish, but of much that he did not, or as the clumsy arrangement just described, by which work in its kind little short of the first rank, is practically thrown into the dust-bin with work that is almost rubbish. This collection has been reprinted twice or thrice, and in the latest form that I have seen no attempt has been made to remove the blemishes of the earlier. It may be said, of course, that the serious poems and the comic poems have been printed separately and are separately obtainable. But until very recently there was no separate reproduction of *Up the Rhine*, the best of all the children of *Humphry Clinker*, while separate editions of the comic poems are never complete and vary considerably. Besides, even if it were otherwise, a man ought to be represented best, not worst, in his *Collected Works*.

As a matter of fact, three or four small volumes at the most would contain all Hood's work that a judicious admirer would care to retain. *Tylney Hall* is by common consent worth but little; and no one can forget the burst of generous, if somewhat hasty, indignation with which Thackeray protested against Hood's wasting his time on the jokes of *Hood's Own*. It would not do to banish that book entirely, for some of his best things are in it; but it may, or rather must be, admitted

that there is a very great deal there which is not his best at all, which is hardly good at all. A volume containing all the serious poems, another containing a judicious selection of the comic pieces, *Up the Rhine* by itself with its own illustrations, and a fourth volume containing a selection (more judicious still) from the prose miscellanies would set Hood in his right place. He never can be set in that place by reproductions of such stuff as *The Last Shilling* and *The Contrast*.

Hood's special literary claim appears to me to be twofold, the first part resting on the extraordinary excellence of his comic vein, and the second on its combination, in a way nowhere else paralleled except in the very greatest men of letters, with a vein of perfectly serious and genuine poetry. This combination has, as I have said, existed, though not uniformly, in the greatest men of all; and it may be contended that even in the smaller it is more often than not present in a certain degree. To take Hood's contemporaries, Praed has it, Barham has it (*As I lay a thinkynge*, for all its affectation of antique dialect, is a beautiful thing). Although Thackeray's excellence in the serious kind is shown chiefly in prose, every one remembers touches of it in his verse, and generally it may be said that the keenest humour is always near if not to tears yet to thought. But the remarkable thing about Hood is that his serious verse would deserve for him no mean place if he had never written anything else. Obligated as he was to turn ink into gold, to be "a lively Hood for a livelihood," he did not pursue this vein far; the fact being that no man can pursue serious poetry far if he has to earn a living by his pen in the modern way. Nobody ever has done it yet, and I dare swear that nobody ever will. But between 1822 and 1828 pretty constantly, and afterwards till the end of his life at intervals, he did many delightful things in serious verse. *The Haunted House* stands as much

alone as *The Red Fisherman*, and is still freer from any touch of burlesque; while the greatest poets have not excelled Hood here in the peculiar gift of creating what may be called a musical or rhythmical atmosphere suitable to and inseparable from the matter of the poem. The heavy and stifling air that hangs over the piece, the description just in keeping and not in the least exaggerated, the contrast of vivid touches and dark background, cannot be excelled. Lamb's stately eulogy on *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* is hardly pitched too high. *Fair Ines* I have mentioned, and even *Fair Ines* is exceeded in its own simple way by

It was the Time of Roses,
We plucked them as we passed.

Lycus the Centaur, one of the earliest of all and evidently written under the influence of Keats, has some false notes, but is admirable as a whole; and of *Hero and Leander* it may be said that hardly shall any one come off better in vying with Christopher Marlowe. Here was a man who could write an Ode to the Moon without being ridiculous, and a Hymn to the Sun without being inadequate. He wrote so little of the kind, and was so obviously called away from it by common cares, that it is difficult to decide what he might have done. I cannot quite agree with Thackeray that the "Bridge of Sighs was his Coronna," by which I suppose we are to understand at once the crowning and fatal achievement of his life. That famous poem, as well as *The Song of the Shirt*, seems to me to be vitiated not only by some literary mannerisms, but by a certain sentimentality which is very apparent in much of the writing of that particular day, and which, after going out of fashion for a time, has reappeared of late. *Eugene Aram*, his principal serious piece between his early poems of the kind and the two great lamentations of his last year or two, shows like *The Haunted House* the faculty of creating music to fit

words, while *The Bridge of Sighs* and *The Song of the Shirt* themselves exhibit this same faculty almost unimpaired. Very few indeed save the greatest possess this faculty, the faculty of producing in fit readers when only a few lines of the poem have been read, a sort of pre-science of the music of the whole almost independent (in the case of one or two of Coleridge's and Shelley's fragments it is quite independent) of actual knowledge of the sequel and context. But Hood has it; and though undoubtedly there were some of the blemishes of the Cockney school upon him—an unchastened and sometimes flaccid style, lapses of grammar, confusions of "you" and "thou" and so forth—he belongs, beyond, I think, all question, to the division of the poets who, without being of the greatest, are poets undoubted and unimpeachable.

Of his life there is not much to say, though the *Memorials* which contain the record of it are by far the best executed as well as the pleasantest part of the very faulty collection already referred to. He was the son of a bookseller, also named Thomas Hood, and was born in the Poultry on May 23rd, 1799. His mother was a sister of the not unknown engraver, Robert Sands, to whom as well as to a better known member of the same craft, Le Keux, the poet was afterwards apprenticed. His father died when he was a boy, and his mother does not seem to have been very long-lived. Hood passed the years immediately before manhood with some relations in Scotland. He did not feel much vocation for engraving; and when he was about one and twenty he had a chance, which he took, of changing the graver for the pen. The famous, but up to this very day constantly misrepresented, duel in which John Scott the Editor of the *London Magazine* fell, threw that journal into the hands of Taylor and Hessey the publishers, and they, who were friends of Hood's and had probably had business connections with

his father, offered him the sub-editorship. He contributed to the paper as well, and in both capacities became known to and in some cases intimate with its famous staff, the most brilliant perhaps that a young periodical ever had at one time. He was connected with it for nearly three years; and through it there was brought about a much more lasting connection, to wit, his marriage with the sister of one of the contributors, John Hamilton Reynolds. He was not yet five and twenty, and from the *Memorials* (which frequently share the haziness of the rest of the work in which they appear) it is not quite clear what he lived upon when the Magazine ceased to employ him. But he managed to publish the first series of *Whims and Oddities* in 1826 and the second in the next year, with some *National Tales* which are not good for very much. The popular *Annuals* seem to have yielded him profit, and in 1829 *Eugene Aram* appeared in one of them, *The Gem*, while his own *Comic Annual* began at Christmas 1830. It was this that introduced him to the Duke of Devonshire, and so produced the somewhat well-known mock titles for dummy bookcases at Chatsworth. Some of them may not be so very well known now, and it is barely possible that one or two, such as *Bish's Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, may have become unintelligible without comment to more than the common ignoramus. The best of all is *On Trial by Jury, with remarkable Packing Cases*, though perhaps *Pompeii, or the Memoirs of a Black Footman* is the most comical. *Boyle on Steam, Prize Poems in Blank Verse* and *Pygmalion by Lord Bacon* have survived better than most of them.

The Hoods seem to have lived chiefly at Wanstead, in comfortable friendship with Lamb and other famous people, till 1835, when there came upon them trouble vaguely described as "heavy loss by the failure of a firm." This was the genesis of *Up the Rhine*, for Hood set off for the Continent, at once to economise and to

prevent his greedier creditors from troubling, but fully intending to pay all that he owed. Except that it gave us a charming book and some letters scarcely inferior, this continental sojourn cannot be said to have been fortunate. Any saving in actual expenditure was balanced by the difficulty of managing literary work (*Hood's Own* was started during this period), by the still greater difficulty of disposing satisfactorily of that work while the writer's legal status was something dubious, and worst of all by bad health. Hood had never been a strong man, but there can be little doubt that the long disease which eventually killed him developed itself during his stay abroad, and perhaps in consequence of some of the conditions of that stay. The exile, however, lasted for about five years, during which the family head-quarters were first Coblenz and then Ostend for greater nearness to England; though Hood made divers excursions, the best known and longest being that which he undertook in the company of a Prussian marching regiment to Berlin. He made many friends among German officers, the chief being a certain lieutenant Von (Hood calls him *De*) Franck, with whom he kept up after his return to England an extensive correspondence full of his own wildest quips and cranks. The chagrins of the exile were brought to a climax by the fact that owing to legal difficulties the profits of *Up the Rhine* which should have been considerable (for the first edition was sold off at once) were little or nothing. This as much as anything else seems to have determined Hood to return, and he became a resident Englishman (his heart untravelling had always been John Bullish to the core) once again in the year 1840. Another term of the same length was all the further life that was lent him. He passed it first at Camberwell, then in lodgings overlooking Lord's Cricket Ground, and lastly in the Finchley Road. His gains were still very small, and his health

became worse every year. But he was more and more recognised as the prince of his own literary province, he had many friends; and he seems always to have taken life with an utterly unruffled temper and with as much positive enjoyment as a man in the last stages of consumption, with little money and less leisure, can have. His domestic life had always been extremely happy; and the severest critic can only object to it that he used to play ruthless practical jokes on his wife, which is bad, and that she called him "Hood," which would now, though it was not so necessarily in those days, be worse. At Theodore Hook's death he was appointed editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and when after a year or two this post became distasteful to him he started a magazine of his own and named it after himself. In command of this he died. Of his very last days, and of Sir Robert Peel's kindness to him, Thackeray's Essay in the *Roundabout Papers* already referred to gives a sketch which it would be very rash indeed for any one to attempt to rival or paraphrase. The end came after months of heroically borne suffering on May 3rd, 1845, the same year that carried off his only but very different rival Sydney Smith. He had but a few days before written the exquisite lines, *Farewell Life! my senses swim*. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, where some years afterwards they set up a monument to him. It is decorated among other things with a grinning comic mask, in the mouth of which, when I saw it last some years ago, the taste and fancy of the British Public had gracefully placed a half-bitten apple. One's disgust was a little mitigated by reflecting that nobody would have been less hurt or more amused than Hood himself.

In the two years preceding his death there had appeared the two poems which may be said to have made his reputation with the million—*The Song of the Shirt* and *The Bridge of Sighs*

—the former in 1843, the latter in 1844. I have already said that I do not rate these quite so high as some persons seem to do; and I have hinted at the reason. There is a certain profanity in applying critical tests too narrowly and exactly to work which has produced the poetic effect on so many, which is so undoubtedly poetic, and which, in the case of the later and greater poem, has such remarkable metrical beauty. But both are a little too long (the latter especially could be curtailed with great advantage), the poet occasionally loses sight of strict meaning in producing his metrical and other effects, and there is considerable abuse of the pathetic fallacy in both. There was force, though some brutality, in the answering gibe that however cheap the flesh and blood of shirt-makers and menders may be, it is very difficult and not at all cheap to get a shirt made or mended properly. The same force, and the same brutality, must also be conceded to the comment that most young women who throw themselves into the Thames do it in a fit either of bad temper or of drink or else hoping to be fished out. But to say this is to say little more than that Hood was not Shakespeare, and that these poems are not the last words of Charmian or of Othello. And it is most particularly to be remarked that Hood's humanitarianism had not a streak in it of the maudlin sympathy with crime which so often disgraces that amiable quality. One of his very last fragments, dealing with one of the recurrent epidemics of poisoning, ends with these excellent though unfinished lines:

Arrest the plague with *cannabis*
And¹ publish this
To quench the felon's hope—
Twelve drops of prussic acid still
Are not more prompt and sure to kill
Than one good Drop of Rope.

One question of interest—the question of priority between Hood and

¹ Blank in original.

Praed in the peculiar style of anti-theoretical punning for which both are famous,—is not an easy one to resolve. The main facts are these. The *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy*, the most famous example of the style, is of 1824, while Praed's *School and Schoolfellows* is five years later. On the other hand, in Praed's early poems dating before he left Eton and written in 1820 or 1821, when Hood had written or at least published nothing at all or nothing characteristic, there are distinct traces of the same style. I suppose it most probable that similar influences, which it should not be impossible or even very difficult to trace, worked on both; though very likely the definite crystallizing of the style by the more professional man of letters also worked on Praed's impressionable temper. For that *School and Schoolfellows* has no direct indebtedness to the earlier piece is not in nature. On a former occasion I endeavoured to point out some of the differences between the work of these two men, so curiously alike in talent and so curiously different in fortune, and there is no need to repeat the attempt. I have only written this paragraph for the purpose of showing that the almost always silly charge of plagiarism would be sillier than ever in either case. It is practically impossible that Hood should have seen Praed's early work; and though Praed almost certainly saw Hood's finished examples, whatever he took from them only helped to develope and encourage a vein which had independently existed in himself. Whether they ever met I do not know or remember; but their spheres of life lay far apart, and it must have been something of an accident if they did.

This, however, is a matter rather of curiosity than of importance. Other problems there are none in the admirable simplicity of Hood's character and art—a simplicity which actually explains, though it may at a hasty view seem to conflict with, the co-existence in him of the deepest and most un-

forced pathos with abounding humour. The spectacle which his life presents of simple, natural, unpretentious enjoyment of such modest good things as fell to his lot, and of equally natural and unpretentious fortitude in bearing things not good (whereof he had plenty), is not more unbroken than the spectacle of natural simplicity and strength presented by his work. To call him superficial would itself be a piece of superficial impertinence. The quality in him which might be thus misnamed belongs to those who, not being among the very greatest of the world in positive endowment, rise above the great mass of men and of men of letters by an almost absolute freedom from the mental disease which produces problems, contrasts of character and work, mysteries, inequalities, secrets. To Hood's infirm and frail body were united a heart and a mind of flawless sanity and vigour. Despite his command of the regions in which *The Haunted House*, *The Elm Tree*, and parts of his other work have their being, he was absolutely free from anything that can be called brooding or morbid. He had, except for his great and natural metrical gifts, no faculty of elaborate art, and in particular he had hardly any art of constructing a story beyond the range of the merest anecdote. It is this that makes his prose tales, especially the later of them, disappointing, and which disables them from competing in comedy or tragedy, as the case may be, with such contemporary or nearly contemporary work as that of Maginn or that of Poe. There are excellent good things in them: there is not unfrequently a happy single idea to start with; but this idea is seldom or never moulded into a real story, and the whole sometimes seems a mere heap of scattered witticisms. To read *The Friend in Need* founded on the sufficiently promising notion of transfusion of blood between a Quaker and a pugilist and to think what it would have been in the hands of the author of *A Story without a Tail*—to read

A Tale of Terror (a thing improvised to fill a sudden gap in a magazine) and remember *The Man in the Bell* or *The Cask of Amontillado*, is, to speak unaffectedly, afflicting. Vast numbers of the casual jests which Hood threw off, and which have been so ruthlessly preserved, are equally trying, though no one can read far without coming to something as inimitable as the answer (said to be again a mere impromptu insertion to fill up a page) of the cat to the marsupial who asked her why she didn't carry her kittens in a pouch, "*Non omnia possumus omnes*: we're not all 'possums." In these jests, be they good or be they bad, there is the same quality of directness, of simplicity, of genuine reflection of the whim of the moment. It is sometimes the cause of their badness; it almost always gives an additional and peculiar flavour to their goodness. Everything is the first running, and it is often, if not always, a very sprightly running indeed. And it is at least capable of being contended that if Hood had been less under pressure, or had been more naturally disposed to the labour of the file, the loss in freshness would have been more than equal to the gain from the discarding of inferior matter. The laboured joke is not very often the good joke. Now whatever may be said for and against Hood's jokes they are at least not laboured. They slip away from him, even the most extravagant of them, as naturally as water from a spring. "Rose knows those bows' woes," itself an enormous puerility, a really blessed and mesopotamian piece of nonsense, did not, I believe, cost him so much as a second thought for the fifth jingle. There is no effort about the suggestion in reference to forged autographs, "how easily a few lines may be twisted into a rope!" or in that other piece of really deep wisdom as to the unhappy political journalist, the reward of whose consistency was that "he grew so warped, mind and body, that he could only lie on one side"; or in the disclaimer of

any wish, despite the atrocious conduct of Americans as to copyright "to alter the phrase in the Testament into republicans and sinners." All these examples are taken from his least known works and on the whole his least happy, the prose tales or articles before referred to. The jokes in verse, who knows not? And it may be noted as a curious thing that Hood is happier in what may be called the total effect of his verse-comedy than in that of his prose. The point which in the prose stories is often lost or undiscoverable seldom fails in the verse—as, for instance, in the admirable philanthropist's defence at the end of *The Black Job*, "We mean to gild 'em," or the pathetic and delightful catalogue of the drawbacks of unity with its climax in the impossibility of securing "Frederick B." for the whole unanimous sisterhood. I do not know whether it may seem fanciful or strained, but the puns and quips in these verses produce on my ear an effect not dissimilar to that of rhyme and rhythm in poetry generally—they make a sort of running accompaniment, a setting as it were illustrative but to some extent independent of the actual meaning. In such a recension of Hood as I have suggested I should myself be very tender of the verse, even of the lightest of it; while I confess I should slash with a very desperate hook at field after field of the prose.

There is one division of Hood's humorous work which has been perhaps as much admired as any other, and which certainly deserves the praise of being marvellously original and dexterous in an extremely difficult way. This is the division at the head of which is the famous *Miss Kilmansegg*, while other characteristic examples of it are *The Desert Born*, and that terrific ballad at the end of which the wrecked mariner finds himself on no demon ship but on the *Mary Ann* of Shields. This is the class in which the strongest possible contrast of the grotesque and the terrible is used, the author being comparatively

indifferent whether he leads up through a farcical prelude to a serious termination or *vice versa*. I do not profess any extraordinary affection for this mixed kind; and if anything like it must be done I prefer the handling of *The Red Fisherman*, where there is no actual revulsion, no final change from laughter to terror, or from terror to laughter, but a sustained blending of the two. Nevertheless, Hood's handling of the style is superlatively adroit in its own way, and it would be impertinent to praise the incidental passages which it gives him opportunity to insert, such as those famous ones in *Miss Kilmansegg* and *The Desert Born* especially. But there is a good deal of mere trick in the style—especially in the tragi-comic or happy-ending division of it—and whatsoever is mere trick can hardly be pronounced good in the highest sense. Perhaps the best thing to be said for it is that it seems to have had the power of spurring the author on to the production of the passages aforesaid, an effect not at all difficult to understand, and which he himself would have expounded with many whimsical illustrations, both verbal and figurative.

For Hood's illustrations must never be forgotten in any account of his work. He had had, as we have seen, a regular education in a certain kind of art; but though I do not pretend to profound technical knowledge in that matter, I doubt whether this education had much to do with the peculiar character of the "cuts" with which he embellished so much of his work. They are avowedly caricature; and it is possible that the faults of drawing, which in them merely add to the effectiveness of the work, would have been equally present if the author had attempted things more ambitious. It is also possible that this would not have been the case. At any rate, Hood never to my knowledge produces the effect which Thackeray as an artist produces, and knew that he produced, the effect of a man trying to do what he cannot do. He hits his

intended effect of grotesque full and admirably. It is most natural to compare him with Cruikshank, but however far below that artist he may be as a mere draughtsman and as a composer, he is above him in the felicity with which he proportions his aims to his means. Everybody knows plates of Cruikshank's in which it is quite clear that the artist meant to depict ordinary human beings and in which he has merely depicted monsters. Hood always kept clear of this danger. Nor indeed do I know any artist in grotesque of this peculiar kind during the century who far excelled him, except that admirable designer who is now making laughter for Paris, M. Caran d'Ache. The Polish-Frenchman is of course much Hood's superior as a draughtsman and as an artist; but on the literary side, as artists are pleased to call it, in which he himself is so excellent, he does not go so far beyond the author and illustrator of *Up the Rhine*, of the *Whims and Oddities*, of *Hood's Own* and the rest. It would be difficult to find two artists more unlike in technique and more similar in general spirit and conception.

And yet when all is said and done I confess my own preference for Hood as a writer of serious verse to Hood as a jester, admitting likewise and at the same time that the enjoyment of Hood as a serious writer of verse might be less if we did not know him as a jester. Life would be absolutely worthless without jest, without quip, without (let it be frankly avowed) punning, but fortunately the faculty of these things is not often wholly denied to men of brains who happen also to be of English birth. Borrow says, and I fear it is true, that nothing is so low as a low Englishman. It might be said with equal truth that nothing is so dull as a dull Englishman. Yet there has been vouchsafed to our race in compensation a pretty general ability to laugh and to make laugh. There has rarely been dearth of merriment in England till very late years indeed—

till in fact England became, it may be better or it may be worse, but certainly less English than it used to be. Nor can it be said that Hood's fun, good as it is and extraordinarily abundant as it is in measure, is in any similarly extraordinary way peculiar in kind. It is genuine but not remarkably distinct, fresh and original, but still not very full of idiosyncrasy. It does not touch Shakespeare or Swift or Thackeray or even Dickens. It is in our literature the nearest approach to that quality which in another received the rather unjustly stinted praise that its owner had more than any one else what everybody had. It is perennially and in a superior degree what the cleverest undergraduate has sometimes at very happy moments about two o'clock in the morning.

In the serious verse a similar characteristic produces quite a different result. Here too there is nothing extraordinarily rare or far-brought in kind. We shall not find in Hood anything like the notes never to be forgotten when once heard, of *La belle Dame sans Merci*, of *Oh world! Oh life! Oh time! of All thoughts, all passions, all delights, of Proud Maisie*. No poem of his attains quite the first rank as a lyric; and in every poem of his not a lyric there are more or fewer blemishes, tediousnesses, inequalities. Yet there is a singular variety in him, and each of the tones which make up this variety has a remarkable charm. It is as though a certain average kind of thought and feeling had suddenly been endowed with the faculty of presenting itself poetically, and had taken the widest possible range in doing so. Hood was not what is called a classical scholar, yet how many classical scholars could have written *Gieer of glowing light*? He was not as Moore was a musician, and he does not seem to have had the natural faculty of the Irishman for song. Yet what ballads of their class surpass *Fair Ines*, and *It was not in the winter*, and *The dead are in the silent graves*, and *The stars are with the voyager*? Of *The Haunted*

House I have spoken, but how many poets, even if they had been able to write *The Haunted House*, would have paired it with such a pendant as *The Elm Tree*? In all these pieces the thing that particularly charms me is what I may perhaps be allowed to call the unusually close contact of the commonplace and the poetical—the fact that we have as it were in this poet got hold of the very meeting or parting-place of the two temperaments as they are generally supposed to be. Scarcely any poet—I think none—who was so much of a Christian or an ordinary man as Hood in all relations of life, who had so little of fine frenzy, who was so little sad or bad or mad, who was so far removed from Bohemianism, who lived such a steady-going hard-working existence, has left work of such poetical quality. None who had so little literary culture has such a flavour of genuine literature. And in no poet is there a clearer instance on the one hand of the fact that poetry

can touch any life to its own issues; and on the other, of the curious, the unmistakable, and yet the scarcely to be defined difference between what is poetry and what is not. It is no easy task, taking a piece of, say, Haynes Bayly's and a piece of Hood's, to point out exactly what it is that makes one ridiculous and the other delightful; yet there the difference is, and as there is still a tendency to look down on verse that is not elaborately embroidered, it is always comforting and desirable to come back to such utterly unpretentious and yet unmistakably poetical work, to work so simple, so pure, so strong, as Hood's. We might not care to have all Parnassus peopled with his likes. He has his own place and his own value. But that place and that value are secure so long as any one who at once knows poetry and can read English comes across the right divisions of his work.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE REALITIES OF WAR.

THOSE who know the galleries of Versailles will hardly fail to remember Horace Vernet's important picture of the taking of Constantine. This great canvas has merits which are patent to every one, but, to estimate it at its proper worth, it is necessary to study its scheme carefully and to compare it with earlier and contemporary battle-pieces. When this is done it will at once become obvious that there is a realism in its treatment so frank and so convincing, such a revolt against tradition, so resolute a breaking away from all precedent, as to constitute a new departure, almost a new era, in the representation of battle-scenes.

The interest of this important picture is centred in the figure of General Vaillant, who, seated with his back to the action and watch in hand, counts the time till a new order shall be due. His plan is matured, events are not likely to necessitate its modification, and his whole mind is intent on delivering his blow to the minute. He is the representative of the modern war-spirit, an embodiment of the forethought, calculation, and resource which are a commander's essentials.

To Vernet belongs the credit of being the first to strip off the mask of conventionality under which the face of war had till then been hidden. To deny that conventionality still flourishes in congenial soil would be idle, but the growth of the realism to which Vernet's brush gave life has been of a force and rapidity which make his work almost conventional by contrast, and there is something ruthless and uncompromising in its development which might not have met with favour at his hands. What he brushed aside, the apostle of modern Realism crushes under an iron heel.

We must bridge the chasm, wide and

deep though it be, which divides Vernet from M. Verestschagin, for it is with M. Verestschagin we have to deal, in treating of the modern war-picture, as the most characteristic representative of the new school. So far he has spoken Realism's last word on canvas, as his fellow-countryman, Count Tolstoi, has spoken it on paper. In the work of these two men, whose subjects are often closely analogous, the weird Russian temperament, visionary, melancholy, sardonic and tinged with a strange fatalism, is a constant factor. In common with many of their compatriots they gaze at life's saddest side, and if they look for compensations it is with the opera-glass reversed.

M. Verestschagin must be judged by such of his pictures as were exhibited here three years ago; among them were some ten or twelve great military pieces, and a few others, such as *Crucifixion by the Romans*, *Blowing Prisoners from the Guns in British India*, and *Hanging in Russia*, which may be classed with them as illustrating the same spirit and the same method in the painter. In nearly every picture there is an under-current of political feeling, the expression of a deep pity for the misery and impotence of the man of the people, peasant or soldier, the fly in the wheel of Autocracy. The scenes which one sees here, so represented, make it clear how and why Nihilism was born, lives, and is incapable of death so long as Autocracy survives. A picture like the triptych, *All quiet at Shipka*—three stages in the death of a man on outpost duty, bitten by frost, overcome by drowsiness, buried in the drift—is really rather a piece of political propagandism, though perhaps unconsciously, than a work of art. For art

the subject is too purely terrible. It is indeed a tremendous appeal to pity for the uncomplaining common soldier, an indictment of the system which lets the poor man's lot be what it is. The same may be said of another subject which is similarly treated in a series of three pictures, *The Forgotten Soldier*—the dying man lying on the Indian uplands while the bird of prey wheels overhead, the battle for the victim, and, in the last, the bleached bones in utter solitude. The insignificance of the unit which goes to make the great piece of mechanism called an army, is constantly being urged. It wants more than the loss of a tiny bolt to throw it out of gear; the bolt drops out useless, discarded, and forgotten.

With Count Tolstoi, as with M. Verestschagin, art is not an end in itself. It is a vehicle, delightful in its use to the master-hand, but generally subservient to the gospel of humanity which it preaches. A stern and even exaggerated realism is the necessary corollary of such a view of its functions. The more purely terrible a subject is, the more beautiful it is in a sense; *Le laid est le beau*. With the painter as with the novelist the theatrical is lost in the actual, the scenic accessories of conventional war with its artificial smoke and flame, its flashing swords and rolling drums, have no place in their works. "As he turned he saw a sudden flash of light. 'Mortar,' cried the look-out, and one of the soldiers who was following added, 'It's coming straight at the bastion.' Mikhailoff looked up; the bomb, like a point of fire, seemed at its zenith, at the very moment when to decide what course it was going to take was impossible; for an instant it seemed to stop; suddenly at redoubled speed the projectile approached them; already the flying sparks were visible, and the mournful hissing could be clearly heard, 'Down!' cried a voice." (*Sebastopol, May, 1855.*) There is a calm and terrible truthfulness about this which tells us that the words are those of an eye-witness, the vivid

memory of a not-to-be-forgotten horror. Do we recall the typical war-scenes of fiction, the brilliant charge, the flying enemy, a looted town, a joyous carousal? The testimony of the actor on that stage gives little warrant for such a treatment of the subject. Put yourself under the guidance of Count Tolstoi or M. Verestschagin, and they will show you the naked reality, a moment of fierce joy in a *mêlée*, a few minutes of relief when the shadow of the Destroying Angel has passed away, the consciousness of duty done. This is the wage; and, for service, long days of harassing and wearing suspense, weeks of famine, and sickness, and cold, and the nameless horrors attendant even on the most splendid victory. A striking contrast is drawn in the picture entitled *Skobelev at Shipka*. The general is represented galloping down the line the day after the victory. The men are full of enthusiasm as he thanks them in the name of the Czar; caps are thrown in the air, and hands waved amid repeated cheers. All kept holiday for the time, we are told, except the slain of the previous day, who litter the ground which lies between the soldiery and the vanquished forts. Amid much that was impressive in the exhibition perhaps nothing was more so than the representation of a field-hospital on the day after the third attempt on Plevna—a thing imagination could not have conceived,—thousands waiting their turn in a merciless rain, thirteen thousand passing through hospitals where accommodation had been provided for three, each one impatient to feel the knife, hoping against hope to see his name entered in the book, for to be passed over is to receive a death-warrant. What does M. Verestschagin say about this assault? "The day was cloudy and a fine rain fell, soaking the clayey soil and making it impossible to walk, much less to storm the heights. I remember the Commander-in-Chief exclaiming, as he clasped his forehead with both hands, 'How will our men advance? How can they march in

such mire?' The attack nevertheless was not postponed as it was the Emperor's birthday!" Such pictures as this, and the companion one of the troops lying on the dripping ground before the assault, are revelations. To have studied them carefully is to have been through a mimic campaign, to have felt for a moment almost what the actors in the tragedy feel themselves. Compare with this scene what Count Tolstoi says of the hospital at Sebastopol, the great room, dark and lofty, dimly lit by some three or four candles which the doctors carry as they pass from one to another among the wounded, the pools of blood, the rapid and fevered breathing of hundreds of men, the heavy and reeking atmosphere, the surgeons with sleeves turned up probing the wounds, a major seated at a table apart taking down names and numbers. "*Perforatio pectoris*; Sebastien Sérédá, foot-soldier . . . What regiment? But no matter, don't enter his name; *Moritur*; take him away.' . . . The others waited in silence, and from time to time a deep sigh escaped them, as they gazed on this picture." (*Sebastopol, May, 1855.*)

Much of M. Verestschagin's writing is as mournfully eloquent of the miseries of a winter campaign as his painting. His narrative of the march of the defenders of Plevna from the captured town to the Danube bears the stamp of truth unadorned, and is tragic in its simplicity. By ones and twos the unhappy prisoners, too weak to resist the bitter frost, kept dropping down all along the route, moving at first their arms and legs, then only their eyes and lips, and passing from rigidity to welcome death. At every post hundreds were left behind to perish. There was no one to remove the bodies so that "passing carts and gun-carriages crushed them into the snow, and made it impossible to extricate them without spoiling the road." There were some two or three pictures illustrative of this fatal journey, but it is a relief to turn from them to the last of the group composing this

panorama of war, in which a tender chord is struck. On the border of a grassy expanse dotted over with a number of freshly-made mounds, under the canopy of a wide sweep of sky, stands a long-haired priest of the Greek Church who, robed in a dark vestment and with one soldier attendant, swings his censer while he repeats the burial service over those who have lately fallen. Here at least, amid the turmoil of armed strife, is a sanctuary where the spirit of peace broods undisturbed.

So far M. Verestschagin. He has portrayed for us with a stern unbending truthfulness through which glow his strong emotions, and with consummate skill, the true aspects of a campaign, its short-lived and feverish joys, its sorrows long drawn out. He has handled his subject with an earnestness and obviousness of purpose which stand almost alone in modern painting. So far as analysis is possible with the vehicle at his disposal he has analyzed for us the nature of warfare, its elements and their relative importance; but the conditions of his art impose a limit short of that which is possible to the man who paints, not with pigments but, with words. If we want an analysis, other than a superficial one, of the actors in the drama, of their emotions, of their scope and limitations; if we want to see how our common nature bears the test of winnowing and sifting by a life of peril, by opportunities for self-abnegation and unselfishness, we must turn to the novelist whose broad narrative is embroidered with an infinity of detail which, whether entirely convincing or not, shows an admirably clear insight into human nature, a large grasp of the forces which war lets loose, and a full sense of the impotence of the individual to shape events. Perhaps there never was a campaign in which the elements so completely claimed mastery over man, except in so far as he was able to make them serve his purpose, as Napoleon's invasion of Russia. The consciousness of this colours all

Count Tolstoi's *Peace and War*, and perhaps at times leads him into something like paradox. With all this, however, his story is told with a vividness which disarms criticism. We might search literature for a long time without finding a more graphic piece of work than the account of the battle of Borodino. Not only do Napoleon and Koutousow stand before us in flesh and blood, the one, after fifteen years of victory about to teach his troops the possibility of reverse; the other, the old, bowed, heavy-shouldered man, dozing at the Council of War and even at the crisis of the battle, but illumined by a keen insight into the possibilities of the situation, and daring, like Fabius of old, to be the *Cunctator*, the Waiter on Events, in spite of unpopularity and the hardly concealed sneers of his subordinates and even of his fellows. Not only does Count Tolstoi make their personalities stand out with the distinctness of silhouettes, but he conveys in a masterly way all the doubtful swayings to and fro of the grappling armies, the ebb and flow of the French attack, the blind impulse with which the troops hurl themselves again and again at the Russian positions, only to be driven back in confusion, to re-form from mere force of discipline, and to attack again.

Napoleon on high ground a mile away, standing in a glaring sun and shading his eyes with his hand, sees his troops disappear down the incline into clouds of smoke and knows no more. As fast as they go they are swallowed up, as though by some vast Minotaur, and more are called for. He grants them, with reluctance and after refusal; these in their turn, disappear, and still aides-de-camp come riding up incessantly in hottest haste to beg him to grant reinforcements yet again. It was not so at Lodi or Arcola, at Austerlitz or Friedland. No one comes now, as they came then, to announce the capture of whole corps, dragging the enemy's cannon and trailing the standards to his feet, begging for cavalry to hurl on the

baggage-train, not, as now, to feed the devouring guns. In the midst of his reveries he becomes conscious that his moral defeat is even now assured; he is a gambler and the troops are his counters, but he will not risk more; an accident might undo the prestige of a score of victories which is already weakened. Koutousow is equally far from the scene of action, confused and undecided, commanding and countermanding, accepting suggestions and asking advice, but sensible in a general way that the troops are holding their own, and gathering confidence from the expressions of those who come in from the front. He sits down and tries mechanically to eat some food; at this moment comes a certain Woltzogen to tell the old gentleman, for whom he has a lofty contempt, that the principal points of their position are in the hands of the enemy.

Koutousow left off eating, and looked at him with surprise; he hardly seemed to understand what it was he had heard. Woltzogen noticed his emotion and added with a smile, "I think it would be less than right to conceal from Your Highness what I have seen; the troops are routed and flying." "You saw that, you saw that," said Koutousow rising alertly with knitted brows, and making menacing gestures with his trembling hands. "How dare you say that to me, sir?" he cried, gasping for breath. "You know nothing. Tell your general that the news is false, that I know the true state of things better than he does; go and repeat to General Barclay that it is my intention to attack to-morrow." All were silent, and nothing was heard but the laboured breathing of the old man. "The enemy is repulsed along the whole line. I thank God for it, and our brave soldiers; the victory is ours, and to-morrow we will drive him from the sacred soil of Russia." He signed himself, and, as he did so, uttered a sob. Woltzogen shrugged his shoulders, and with a sarcastic smile on his lips, moved away without attempting to conceal the surprise which the blind obstinacy of the old gentleman caused him. (*Peace and War*, vol. III.)

There are not a few life-like little sketches interspersed among the larger

movements of the narrative which bring home to one with great force the blind confusion which reigned where the troops were fighting hand to hand in the smoke. How characteristic is the whole episode of Pierre Bézoukhov's half-panic, half-heroic participation in the battle! A civilian among soldiers, seeking his baptism of fire in the very thickest of the stubborn fight, his brain whirls with excitement; he dares not stop to think, but longs to turn his strength to some account; he flies from the entrenchment to carry out an order which has been given to a soldier; he is thrown down and stunned by an explosion; when he regains consciousness he makes all speed back to the battery in a paroxysm of terror. The colonel is still leaning over the parapet, but the faces of the soldiers are strange to him. A man in a deep blue uniform approaches him, sword in hand. He has fallen among the French troops, he realizes it in a moment, and knows too that the colonel is dead. The French officer drops his sword, and they seize each other. "Is he my prisoner or am I his?" was the thought which passed through the mind of both. The French officer began to incline to the latter supposition, as he felt Pierre's muscular grasp ever tightening on his throat." (*Peace and War*, vol. III.) A bullet whistles by; the Frenchman drops to avoid it, and Pierre runs into the arms of his own friends, as they once more get the upper hand.

Such a state of mind as that of Pierre Bézoukhov, one of almost hysterical excitement, and as far removed from cowardice as from indifference to danger, is a favourite subject of study with Count Tolstoi. Of the existence of pure physical or animal courage,—the courage of the half-developed nature or blunted sensibilities, which was so common and so admired an attribute in the war-romances of our youth—he is almost incredulous; or it may be that he merely passes it over as offering no material for analysis. When he introduces anything of the

sort it is due to lengthened experience, and possibly long immunity from harm, or, as in the case of Melnikoff, the soldier in Sebastopol, who sat by preference in the open ground where the shells were falling, to a settled conviction (possible in the Russian who is a confirmed fatalist) that death will not come by shot or shell. The list might be completed by adding those to whom life offers no attractions, such as the soldier of Antigonus, of whom we read in Plutarch, who displayed such astonishing courage till he was cured of the infirmity which made life odious to him, when he ceased to court danger or to risk his person any more than his fellows.

Count Tolstoi lays it down almost as an axiom that courage is in a great measure due to self-respect, and he does so regretfully. His meaning apparently is that the self-constraint which a sensitive young man exercises with infinite difficulty, when he is almost drawn out of himself by strange terrors, is due to the feeling that, even if the eyes of others are not on him, those of his second self are at least on the watch. The lower and grosser nature in each and every one will strive for the mastery and must be battled down. At moments the young soldier gives way, bursts into tears, looks yearningly for shelter, and accuses himself of cowardice; but even as he does so he is conscious that the epithet is undeserved, and that he would let no one else so much as breathe it. When he finds himself actually in front of the enemy, he feels, as Nicholas Rostow did, "that great and unspeakable joy in the imminence of the attack of which his comrades had so often told him. 'Ah! if it could but come more quickly, more quickly,' he murmurs." (*Peace and War*, vol. I.) Such a man soon ceases to bow to every shell as though it were an old acquaintance; but he is none the less afraid of them, for they represent to him the possible extinction of what is pleasant to him above all things—life. Few there are, who, like "junker Vlang," (*Sebastopol, August*,

1855,) are so unstrung that they can make no effort of self-restraint; and even he, if he had a womanly horror of physical ills, had a love like that of a woman for the young Volodia Kozeltzoff which, at the last steeled his heart, and gave a more than natural strength to his arm. Perhaps the most complete study, as it is certainly the most pathetic, is that of the young Kozeltzoff himself. He is a mere boy, fresh from a military school, eager for glory and advancement and full of patriotic enthusiasm. We are introduced to him at a way-side inn some few hours out of Sebastopol, where he is found by his elder brother who has been absent, wounded, and is on his way to rejoin his own regiment. Michel, the elder, is for going at once. "Well, you had better get your things together," he says, "and we will start." The younger brother reddened and looked confused. "For Sebastopol at once?" he asked at length. . . . "To go straight there," he thinks, "to expose myself to bombs, it is terrible. After all does it matter whether I go to-day or later; at any rate I have my brother." (*Sebastopol, August, 1855.*) The idea of danger had not so much as occurred to him before. Arrived in Sebastopol he is buoyed up by a sense of his importance as one of the defenders of a town on which the eyes of the world are fixed. He and his brother have to go their different ways, and he puts himself under the guidance of a soldier-servant. They arrive at the open ground between the town and the fortifications, and the servant, having pointed out the position of the battery to him, goes back. Kozeltzoff, alone for the first time, with the shells whistling over his head in the chilly dusk, feels his heart sinking. "The sensation of being abandoned in the face of danger, in the face of death, as he believed, weighed on his heart with the icy coldness of stone; he looked about him to see if he was observed, and taking his head between his hands, murmured in a voice which was broken

by fright, 'My God! is it true that I am a despicable coward! a craven! and but a little while since I dreamed of dying for my country, for the Czar, and gloried in it.'" That night he had little sleep; the whizzing of the shells overhead was incessant, every moment he expected the house would be struck by one of them, or that the enemy would break into it; the measured tread of the colonel as he paced to and fro in the room above comforted him but little. He welcomes the morning with rapture. The day is spent with his brother-officers whose kindness is reassuring, and in the evening it devolves upon him to go with a small company of soldiers to serve some mortars in a redoubt on the Malakoff. The acute stage of fright has passed; the consciousness that others are nervous serves to make him the more firm. Every hour of a long night of inaction finds him more at his ease. The next morning he and his men are summoned to the battery. Once at work, all trace of terror is gone. A hot cannonade is kept up on both sides. In his excitement he mounts gaily on the rampart as he gives his orders. The captain, who has been eight months on the bastion and has little enthusiasm left in him, smiles, in spite of himself, at the bright and fearless boy.

Enough, however! With the touching scene of Volodia's death at the taking of the Malakoff we are not concerned. The narrative, so far briefly outlined, has shown us the stages through which every human being must pass when he first comes under fire. The ordeal may be successfully met, or may not; but it can never in ordinary circumstances be avoided.

Amid the almost tragic sketches of character which abound in these pages, there is much that is in a lighter vein. What more artless, more convincingly natural than the cry of Rostow's friend, when they meet after their first brush with the French!

"'Count, Count,' cried Berg, showing him his hand wrapped up in a blood-stained pocket-handkerchief, 'I was wounded in the hand, but I kept my place in the ranks! Look, Count! I am obliged to hold my sword in my left hand.'" (*Peace and War*, vol. I.)

A review of Count Tolstoi's work in the field of Realism would be incomplete without a reference to his treatment of the soldier's death, and the effect on a man of the conviction of its near approach. His view on this part of the subject, so far as can be gathered,—and the death of the elder Kozeltzoff is much to the point—is that the consciousness of duty done, of death braved in a good cause, lifts an apparently mean character out of itself, and gives it a nobility and an unselfishness before unknown to it. So it was with Kozeltzoff, a man at whose hands one would not have looked for self-sacrifice, but who, when it was exacted of him, was happy that it should be so. The most striking death-scene, however artistically indefensible the rude grasp which the novelist lays on so airy and fleeting a gossamer as a man's reflections in the instant of dissolution—*Aut fuit, aut veniet, nihil est presentis in illa*, quotes Montaigne,—is that of Praskoukin. The narrative which immediately precedes this episode has already been given. Mikhailoff and Praskoukin are together when the bomb is seen coming directly at them. "Down!" cries some one, and they fall to the earth as the bomb strikes the ground somewhere near them. It is from this point that Praskoukin's reflections are given us—the fruit of the brief moment between the falling and the bursting of the messenger of death. The strange medley of thoughts and fancies, forgotten memories of trivial incidents recurring and mixed up with the

awful dread of the moment, and with calculations as to the chance of his being hit, and of the expediency of having chloroform if an operation becomes necessary,—all this is told in a masterly way. The bomb explodes, a red glare burns in his eyes, and he is conscious of receiving a terrible blow in his chest. He rises to his feet, staggers, and falls. "God be praised, I am only bruised," he thinks. He seems to see soldiers coming and fears that they will trample on him; his hands and feet are as though bound; he tries to say, "Lift me," but, instead of the words, comes a groan so terrible that it strikes him with horror; a moment and he is dead,—killed almost on the instant by a shell received full in the chest.

Such is war, in the words of one who has fought, and the impression left by the novelist is at one with the effect of the painter's handiwork. If it is sombre, it is because war in its essence is sombre, however brilliant the interludes. If the narrative does not deal in heroics, it is because it has to do with flesh and blood, with humanity, not with the creatures of fancy. Count Tolstoi searches out human nature with infinite discrimination and acumen. He states the case for and against it with judicial clearness and impartiality, and human nature, as he presents it to us, needs no apologist. He tells us, indeed, that the men he has depicted are no heroes in either sense of the word, but, as to the spirit in which he approaches his work, let him speak for himself. "The hero of my story, the object of my devoted affection, reproduced, so far as it was in me to do so, in all its beauty, beautiful yesterday, to-day, and always—is the Truth."

A. E. STREET.

MADAME.

Of all the fair ladies whose portraits we saw in the Stuart Exhibition none has a stronger claim on our interest than Henrietta Duchess of Orleans. Madame, to call her by the more familiar name, belongs so entirely to France by her education and marriage that we are apt to forget the share we have in her. We think of her only as the wife of Louis the Fourteenth's brother, the Madame of Bossuet's *Oraison*, and need to be reminded that she was a royal princess of England. Yet Mignard's portraits, for all their French prettiness, reveal her birth. The long oval face, the thin straight nose, the arched brows, the eyes and hair, all bear a strong likeness to the kingly features which Vandyke has immortalized. And in spite of the liveliness of manner and light-hearted gaiety which she inherited from her mother, her character was, we are inclined to think, more that of a Stuart than a Bourbon. Certainly she possessed in a supreme degree the gift of drawing out the sympathies of those about her which was so marked a characteristic of all her ill-fated race. She had many rivals and not a few enemies, but no one was ever more faithfully served and tenderly loved in life or more deeply and enduringly lamented in death.

The romance of Madame's life begins from her cradle. She was born at Exeter in 1644, at a critical moment of the Civil War. Two months before, on the eve of the battle of Newbury, Queen Henrietta Maria had parted for the last time on earth from her husband, and had reached the loyal capital of the West in the most forlorn condition. The little princess who was born on June 16th, received the name of Henrietta Anne after the Queen Regent of France, Anne of Austria,

who had sent over her own nurse with liberal supplies to her distressed sister-in-law. Before she was a fortnight old the approach of Essex with his beleaguering army forced the Queen to leave Exeter and embark for France, after narrowly escaping the hands of the Parliamentary troopers. Ten days later the King marched to the relief of the besieged city, and found his little daughter left in charge of Lady Morton, a member of the Villiers family. Soon afterwards she was removed to the palace at Oatlands, where she remained until 1646, when Parliament ordered her to be transferred with her elder brother and sister to the care of Lord Northumberland. This, however, Lady Morton was determined to prevent. She disguised herself as a French maid-servant, dressed the little Henrietta in the rags of a beggar-boy, and with her on her shoulders walked to Dover, in spite of the remonstrance of the high-spirited child, who exclaimed that she was no beggar-boy but a royal princess. Fortunately her protestations passed unnoticed. Her brave attendant embarked safely on board the packet-boat to Calais, and a few days afterwards placed the child once more in her mother's arms. Henrietta Maria's confessor, Père Gamache, Madame de Motteville, and Clarendon all record this adventurous escape, and Lady Morton's devotion became the subject of a sonnet by Waller and supplied Bossuet with an eloquent passage in his funeral oration on the widow of Charles the First. But the hardships to which the young princess was exposed were not yet ended. During the siege of Paris in the wars of the Fronde, Henrietta Maria was shut up in the Louvre, where she was found one wintry day by Cardinal

De Retz, sitting by her little daughter's bedside. Their last faggot had been burnt and they had no money to buy any more firewood. Struck with horror at the situation, the Cardinal hastened to plead the cause of the exiled Queen before the assembled Parliament, and a sum of twenty thousand *livres* was voted for the relief of Henry the Fourth's daughter. As a rule, however, the wants of the English royal family were liberally supplied by the Queen Regent, whose heart was touched by the sight of their misfortune and who treated Princess Henrietta with marked affection.

This "child of benediction" as she was called by her fond mother, was brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, and in her education the ecclesiastics who surrounded Henrietta Maria found consolation for the failure of their efforts to convert the young King and his brother. While still a child Henrietta was taken to hear Père Gamache catechise in the chapel of the Louvre, and was greatly distressed because she could not induce her dear Madame Morton to yield to his arguments. "I begin by embracing my governess," she would tell the Queen. "I clasp her round the neck, I kiss her many times, I say—'Do be converted, Madame Morton! Be a Catholic! Father Cyprian says you must be a Catholic to be saved. You have heard him as well as I. Be then a Catholic, *ma bonne dame*.'"

But Lady Morton was too staunch a Protestant to be won over even by those caresses, and soon the little Princess herself was removed from her care and entrusted for her education to the nuns of Chaillot, a convent on the banks of the Seine near Paris which had become the widowed Queen's favourite retreat. As she grew older Anne of Austria seriously entertained thoughts of marrying her to her own son, the young King of France. Louis, however, was already enamoured of Cardinal Mazarin's niece, and despised the pale thin girl who made so poor a figure by the side of these brilliant Italian

beauties. At a ball given by the Queen Regent where the Princess of England, then eleven years of age, appeared for the first time, and his mother told him to open the dance with his cousin, he said sulkily that he did not like little girls. Henrietta Maria, in her anxiety to avert the young monarch's displeasure, declared that her daughter was too young to dance, and had moreover hurt her foot. Upon which Anne of Austria, not to be outdone in courtesy, insisted that since her niece could not dance, the King should take no partner of inferior rank.

This was not the only affront which the royal exiles had to swallow at the French court. Mademoiselle, *La Grande Mademoiselle*, the daughter of the King's uncle Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and richest heiress in France, scornfully rejected the advances of her cousin Charles the Second, and although she owned to a sincere liking for her aunt, "that poor lady who has no joy left her on earth," treated the Princess slightly on no more than one occasion. But the lessons of adversity were not wasted on Henrietta. "You saw by her affections," said one who knew her intimately in after years, "that she had been trained in the school of misfortune, and had thus acquired all the knowledge, the sweetness and humanity in which most royal persons are wanting." Visitors to the convent at Chaillot were charmed by the cleverness and gentle nature of the engaging child. Père Gamache dwells with delight on the charms and accomplishments of his *petite princesse*, on her grace and elegance, her skill in music and dancing. Soon she began to attract the attention of others, besides the too partial old priest. Sir John Reresby, who paid a visit to Paris in 1658, describes her as a beautiful girl of fifteen who played the harpsichord and danced well, and allowed him to toss her in a swing between two great trees in the gardens of the Palais Royal. When in 1660 he was present at the ball given by Henrietta Maria in honour of her son's restoration, he remarked that

the English Queen's court was much more popular than those of the two French Queens, Anne of Austria and her newly married daughter-in-law Maria Theresa, for that her own wit and good-humour, and her daughter's great beauty attracted people far more than the stiff Spanish etiquette of the other ladies. A princely suitor was not slow to present himself in the person of Monsieur, the King's only brother. Mademoiselle who had for some time intended to marry him herself, complains in her journal of his obstinate attachment to his English cousin, and of the attentions which he paid to the little girl whom she despised. Even she, however, has the honesty to add that the Princess is certainly very clever and, although extremely thin, so amiable and full of grace that every one who knows her becomes fond of her. Neither Louis nor the all-powerful Cardinal was disposed to favour the alliance, but the Queen Mother approved of it warmly, and herself went to the Palais Royal on behalf of Monsieur, and asked Henrietta Maria for her daughter's hand. Consent was readily given. Monsieur, now Duke of Orleans, was twenty years of age, and exceedingly handsome. In age, rank and fortune he appeared an eminently suitable match, "a husband," says Madame de Motteville, "not to be refused by the greatest princess in the world."

From the day of Madame's marriage her triumphs begin. The pale awkward girl whom no one cared to dance with suddenly found herself the leader of society in the gayest court of Europe. Second only to the Queen in rank, she completely eclipsed the wife of Louis by her personal charms. Maria Theresa was dull and ignorant, a slave to the stiffest traditions of Spanish etiquette. She divided her time between eating, dressing, and going to mass, and made herself ridiculous by the pomposity with which she held out her skirt to be kissed by her own children, or consulted chamberlains before she embraced her nearest

relations. Madame was brilliant and witty, full of life and animation. Her dark, sparkling eyes, her pearly teeth and enchanting smile, her complexion of lilies and roses are praised by all her contemporaries. Her chestnut hair was always dressed in the style which suited her best; the slight defect in her figure was so artfully concealed that, as Mademoiselle says in her caustic way, she managed to make people praise its elegance. If it had not been for that slight deformity, says a contemporary, she would have been a masterpiece of Nature.

The appearance of this brilliant young creature took the Court by storm. All the men were at her feet, and all the ladies adored her. Foremost among her admirers was the King. He, who used to rally his brother on his choice and ask him how soon he meant to marry the bones of the Holy Innocents, was now to be seen at Madame's side continually. When in April the Court moved to Fontainebleau, Madame became the life and soul of the festivities which followed each other in rapid succession through that summer. It was the May-time of the Grand Monarch's reign. The Cardinal was dead, and for the first time Louis felt himself his own master. Madame shared his tastes and entered into his plans with a spirit and vivacity of which the poor dull Queen was incapable. Together they planned masques and serenades, balls and water-parties. Pastoral plays were acted, and *ballets* danced in the forest glades. Molière and Benserade wrote the words, Lulli and his violins supplied the music, and the actors of the Comédie Française enlivened these sylvan scenes with their rich and picturesque costumes. The King himself would appear as a shepherd, Madame as Pallas bearing spear and helmet, and surrounded by the fairest maidens of the court. "Ah ! quelles bergères et quelles amazones !" exclaims Madame de Sévigné recalling these scenes twenty years afterwards, and then breaks off abruptly to let fall

a tear for poor Madame—"Madame, que les siècles entiers aurent peine à remplacer et pour la beauté, et pour la belle jeunesse, et pour la danse." The courtiers began to look at each other significantly, and to whisper that if Louis had known Madame better a few years before he would certainly have made her his Queen.

And now, too, suspicions began to rise in his wife's and mother's hearts. Maria Theresa grew jealous, and alienated the King still further by her tears and reproaches. Anne of Austria complained that Madame robbed her of her son's heart, and gave her daughter-in-law advice which she resented. More than all Monsieur, whose vanity had at first been gratified at the universal homage paid to his wife, took umbrage and became fearful lest her influence with the King should exceed his own. He turned sulky and quarrelsome, and teased his wife about trifles. For the first time Henrietta saw all the meanness and unworthiness of her husband's character, and in truth a more despicable specimen of humanity it would have been hard to find. From his earliest years Monsieur had been sacrificed to his brother. It had been the policy of the Cardinal and Queen Regent to keep him a child all his life, and bring him up with the most effeminate tastes. They had succeeded only too well, and *le plus joli enfant de France*, as he was called, grew up a miserable dandy. He curled and powdered his hair, rouged his cheeks, loaded himself with ribbons and jewels, and loved to appear in public dressed as a woman. "A woman," writes Saint Simon, "but with all the faults of a woman and none of her virtues; childish, feeble, idle, gossiping, curious, vain, suspicious, incapable of holding his tongue, taking pleasure in spreading slander and making mischief—such was Philip of Orleans, the brother of Louis the Fourteenth."

This weak and frivolous prince was ill-fitted to be the husband of a high-spirited princess. He was often heard to

say that he had never loved his wife after the first fortnight, and Madame de La Fayette observes justly that the miracle of inflaming his heart was given to no woman upon earth. His taste was turned in other directions, and he lavished his fortune and affections upon the most worthless minions. Soon his household became the theatre of a dozen petty intrigues and broils. Madame confided her wrongs to the King, who gave her his sympathy, but felt the need of greater caution in his conduct if family peace was to be preserved. In the tragedy of *Bérénice*, a subject suggested both to Corneille and Racine by Madame herself, the courtiers of Louis saw the glorification of their master's conduct and applauded the passage in which Titus bids the Jewish captive an eternal farewell as the expression of his own sentiments. But while he became more guarded in his relations with Madame, his roving affections found a new object in one of her own ladies, and La Vallière became his first mistress. At the same time the Comte de Guiche, the bravest and handsomest man at Court, dared to lift his eyes as high as Madame, whose devoted servant he professed himself. A great favourite with Monsieur in the first instance, he had every opportunity of becoming intimate with Madame in the early days of her marriage. His sister, the Princess of Monaco, was her chosen friend; his aunt, Madame de Saint Chaumont, became the governess of her children. A gallant soldier and fearless rider, the Count had all the qualities necessary for a hero of romance. Madame was young and thoughtless, and too much used to admiration to resent the devotion which her lover boldly avowed. She had, Cosnac remarks, a certain disregard of conventionalities and a love of independence which led her to commit imprudences careless of what might follow. That winter ill health kept her confined to her couch, and the room in the Palais Royal where she held her court became every day the scene of new intrigues. The King

came there daily, attracted by his growing passion for La Vallière. The Comte de Guiche wrote her letters which she showed to her ladies. One day becoming bolder still, he ventured into her presence. The incident was duly reported to Monsieur, and there was a great scandal. Queen Henrietta scolded her daughter, the Count was banished, and Madame promised to be more prudent in future. Twice over her bold lover returned to Court, each time more desperately enamoured of Madame than before, and risked all to take her hand or even see her pass from one palace to another. The last time he saw her was in 1664, by which time Madame had grown wiser and refused to admit him to her presence. She was only twenty then, and surrounded as she was by spies and scandal-mongers ready to magnify her imprudence, we may be sure if she had been guilty of a darker crime it would have been published abroad. As it is, the worst contemporary writers can say of her is that she did not dislike to be adored. La Fare gives it as his opinion that she was *vertueuse, mais un peu coquette*, a verdict confirmed by her successor, Monsieur's second wife, the rude and out-spoken Princess Palatine, who records her conviction that the world has been unjust towards Madame, for that she had never wronged her husband. Burnet does his best, it is true, in those "pretty jumping periods" of his to blast her character; but his insinuations have been proved to be groundless, and the fact that she was a Catholic and tried to win over her brother Charles to the same faith, was sufficient to incur his spite. After all, the best proof of Madame's innocence rests in the freedom with which she spoke of the Count to her intimate friends. Chief among these was Madame de La Fayette, the accomplished writer of *Zaïde* and the *Princesse de Clèves*. From convent days she had enjoyed the privilege of Henrietta's friendship and retained it to the last. Her loving hand has given us a portrait of her friend full

of charm and freshness. We see her in the light and grace of her youth, presiding at those *fêtes* which were never complete without her, and rewarding the victor in the ring with one of those smiles which turned the heads of the wisest and the best; or else entertaining a brilliant company in the lighted saloons of the Palais Royal, while foolish Monsieur struts up and down exulting over the number of his guests, all unconscious that they had come for Madame's sake. We see her foremost in dance and song; we see her, too, in a graver mood intent on the first performance of some new drama, smiling at the mistakes of M. Jourdain, or shedding tears over the sorrows of Andromaque. "The Court," says Racine, in the famous dedication in which he recalls this incident, "regards your Royal Highness as the arbiter of all that is agreeable. The only sovereign rule we men of letters need observe is to please Madame." And Bossuet has paid her the same compliment in almost the same words. This fine taste and genuine love of literature redeem Madame's character from frivolity, and, as Sainte-Beuve has justly remarked, make her far superior to that other charming princess who brightened the close of the great reign, —her own grand-daughter, the Duchess de Bourgoyne. Marie Adelaide was a merry child whose light-hearted gaiety made her the pet and plaything of all, but she belonged, in fact, to another generation of Frenchwomen whose conduct was regulated by the standard of a licentious age. "With Madame," said La Fare many years afterwards, "we lost the only person of her rank who was capable of distinguishing true merit. Since her death all has been gambling, confusion, and bad manners."

Again, it was this serious turn of mind which drew the highest spirits of the Court to her side, which made veterans like Turenne and Bellefonds, and scholars like Trévile and La Rochefoucauld, take delight in her society. These and many others were frequent visitors at St. Cloud. There, among

those green lawns and sunny terraces where her memory still lives, she would enjoy the company of Condé and Bosquet, of Madame de Sévigné and Cosnac, while Monsieur was away on his daily excursions to Paris. There she could console herself for his neglect and ill-temper by making her friends read aloud to her until her pet dog, as she told Madame de Sévigné, used to run away and hide at the sight of the books which robbed him of his mistress's attention. There on summer evenings she loved to wander, listening to the music of the waterfalls, arm in arm with Madame d'Épernon or Madame de La Fayette. And there, long after her death, it was said that she might be seen sitting robed in white at the foot of her favourite cascade.

But the portrait of Henrietta which we find in Madame de La Fayette's memoirs is, fortunately, not the only one which has been left us. Another and very different person, Daniel de Cosnac, Bishop of Valence, has devoted a large portion of his memoirs to Madame, and his vivid narrative forms a valuable supplement to the lady-in-waiting's too brief history. Madame de La Fayette is always cautious and guarded in her expressions, careful not to lift the veil which shrouds the domestic life of these royal personages or to show us Monsieur in his true light. Cosnac, priest and bishop though he be, has no such delicacy. For all his love of intrigue and ambitious character, *ce fou d'évêque*, as Voltaire called him, was no courtier, but frank and plain of speech, with little or no respect of persons. As Grand Almoner to the Duke of Orleans he officiated at his marriage, but the cares of his distant diocese kept him away from Court until May, 1665, when he came to Paris to attend a General Assembly of Clergy and soon made himself indispensable to Monsieur. About this time he was able to render Madame a service which she never afterwards forgot. A libel, called *Les Amours du Palais Royal*, and aimed chiefly at Madame and the Comte de Guiche, had been published in Hol-

land, and a copy was shown her by the King who warned her to keep it from her husband's eyes. Henrietta, who had every right to be indignant with the publication, applied to Cosnac as the ablest and most trustworthy servant about her. Without a moment's delay he sent a confidential agent to Holland who bought up and destroyed the whole edition of eighteen hundred copies. Monsieur, after his habit, not only declined to defray Cosnac's expenses on this occasion, but took occasion of his zeal in Madame's service to borrow further sums. Soon afterwards the Bishop returned to his diocese, but in the following December was hastily recalled to Court to officiate at the baptism of the little Duke of Valois, Monsieur's infant son who had fallen dangerously ill. The poor baby received the names of Philip Charles, and died two days later. Madame was inconsolable, and Monsieur tried to affect a semblance of grief, but it soon became evident that his sole anxiety was to secure the reversion of the allowance which the King had made his son. Cosnac now fell into disgrace, and had the misfortune of seeing an innocent lady involved in his fall. Madame de Saint Chaumont, the governess of Monsieur's children, was dismissed and forced to take refuge in a convent, because Monsieur had the face to tell Cosnac she was suspected of being on friendly terms with him and was known to be fondly attached to Madame. This last blow drove poor Madame well-nigh to despair. It seemed, she said, as if she were destined to bring trouble on the heads of all who had the misfortune to love and serve her.

But now a new phase of public affairs revived hope in her heart, and appeared likely to restore her to more than all her former influence at Court. In order to effect their ambitious designs for the conquest of Holland, Louis and Colbert saw that it was necessary to detach Charles from the Dutch alliance, and fixed on Madame as the most likely person to attain this object. Henrietta entered readily into

the scheme, which was to include the conversion of Charles to the Roman Catholic religion, and she conducted the long negotiations with the greatest skill and discretion. Letters on the subject passed between her and Charles as early as 1668, and by the following summer her visit to England was already resolved upon. Her exiled friends were not forgotten, and we find her writing to Cosnac that she and Madame de Saint Chaumont have hit upon a plan which is to atone for all the wrongs which he has suffered. For among an infinity of affairs which are under treaty between France and England, there is one, she tells him mysteriously, which will presently give her brother the King such influence with Rome that the Pope will refuse him nothing. Foreseeing this, she has already made him promise to ask His Holiness to bestow a cardinal's hat on a friend of hers who shall be nameless. The Merry Monarch must have laughed in his sleeve when he gave his sister that pledge, and even Cosnac smiled when he read Madame's letter, and did not think that cardinal's hat was ever likely to exist save in Henrietta's lively imagination. But these letters of Madame breathe a warmth of heart and innocent confidence in the success of her own plans for her friends, which are the more touching when we see the snares and pitfalls which surrounded her on all sides.

Charles was eager to see his sister, but various causes delayed her journey. The birth of her third child, Mademoiselle de Valois afterwards Duchess of Savoy, took place in August and was closely followed by the death of her mother Henrietta Maria. Then a fresh obstacle presented itself in Monsieur's opposition. It had been impossible to admit this foolish babblers into the secret, and he took offence at his wife's influence and his own seclusion from state affairs. The Chevalier de Lorraine, his favourite minion, grew daily more insolent and dared to speak openly of a divorce between Monsieur and his wife. Monsieur after his wont

repeated this to the King, who suddenly ordered the favourite to be arrested and thrown into prison. Then Monsieur's fury knew no bounds. He carried off his wife to the country and vowed he would leave her no peace till the Chevalier was released. At her entreaty Lorraine was allowed to go into Italy with leave to return to Court at the end of eight years, "By which time," Madame observes in her letters to Madame de Saint Chaumont, "it is to be hoped Monsieur will be cured of his flame or else enlightened as to his minion's true character." Still Monsieur sulked like a spoiled child, and poor Madame had terrible moments of despair. "I have no one about me whom I can trust," she wrote to her friend. "I wish you back a thousand times a day. Believe me at least when I say that I can never forget what you have suffered for my sake." Monsieur's jealousy, she goes on to say, will always be a cause of trouble, while experience has taught her to put little trust in the King's promises. "If his mistresses receive three or four rebuffs a week, his friends can hardly expect to fare better."

But Louis was determined to have his way in this instance. He told Monsieur angrily that Madame's journey was for the good of the State, and extorted a reluctant consent from him on condition that Madame's stay in England was limited to three days.

On June 2nd Henrietta embarked at Dunkirk with a large suite—the whole Court was eager to follow her—and was received at Dover by Charles himself. He welcomed his sister with the greatest affection, and took her to Canterbury, where Queen Catherine and the Duchess of York, with both her little girls, were awaiting her. The three days were, by Charles's express wish, prolonged to twelve, and the time flew by in happy intercourse. Wherever Madame showed herself she won all hearts, and was adored alike by courtiers and people. The King agreed to sign the treaty of alliance with France, and bound

himself to be neutral in case of a Dutch war; but he turned a deaf ear to his sister's entreaties that he would change his religion, telling her that he knew his people better and had no wish to be sent on his travels again. All else he was ready to do for her sake. He loaded her with presents for herself and her friends, and gave her two thousand gold crowns to build a chapel at Chaillot to her mother's memory. At the same time he fell in love with one of her maids of honour, Louise de la Querouaille, whose baby face so charmed him that he asked Henrietta to give him this choicest jewel in her possession. Madame, to her credit, refused, declaring that she was responsible to the girl's parents for her; but after his sister's death Charles remembered the Breton maiden and obtained her appointment as maid of honour to his own Queen. The time for departure came all too soon. Charles accompanied Madame to Dover, took her on board himself, and parted from her with many tears on both sides. Colbert, the French ambassador, who witnessed their leaving, expressed his surprise in his letters at the extraordinary affection which these royal persons had for one another.

So Madame came back to France. On June 16th she reached St. Germain, where Louis received her with every mark of consideration. She talked freely of her brother's kindness, and spoke warmly of his wife and the Duchess of York, and to Mademoiselle's eyes seemed completely restored to health. But Monsieur was in a more evil mood than ever. He refused to accompany the King to Versailles, and carried off his wife to St. Cloud much against her will. The Queen and Mademoiselle were both indignant at his harshness, and noticed the tears in Henrietta's eyes as she bade them farewell. Two days afterwards she wrote her last letter to Madame de Saint Chaumont from St. Cloud.

"My visit to England," she says, "was a very pleasant one. Persuaded

as I was before of my brother the King's friendship, it has proved even greater than I expected. All that he could possibly do for me, he has done. The King here showed me great kindness on my return, but as for Monsieur, it would be impossible to equal the bitterness and injustice of his reproaches. He does me the honour to think I am all powerful with the King, and to say that if the Chevalier does not return it will be my fault. I showed him how little this depended on me, since if I really had my own way, you would not be where you are." And she goes on sadly enough to beg her friend not to write to her little daughter Marie Louise, since mischief-makers have been trying to use her letters to the child to blacken the poor lady's character. The same day she sent a message to Cosnac, through one of her servants, assuring him that his cardinal's hat had not been forgotten, and that she hoped ere long to see him and Madame de Saint Chaumont back at Court. That week La Fare saw her at St. Cloud, enjoying the lovely summer weather and the company of her friends, Turenne, La Rochefoucauld, and the faithful Tréville. Her beauty was as brilliant and her wit as lively as ever; but she complained of a pain in her side to Madame de La Fayette who arrived on Saturday evening, though talking with animation of her visit to England and walking in the garden by moonlight till past twelve. The next morning, Sunday, June 29th, she rose early, talked with Monsieur for some time in his room, and after mass went to see her daughter, whose portrait was being painted by an English artist. Then she paid a visit to Madame de La Fayette, telling her, "with that air of sweetness which made her so full of charm in her sadder moments," that she was very unhappy, but that a talk with her would do her good. After dinner she fell asleep with her head on her friend's lap while Monsieur was talking to her ladies, and when she woke he remarked

how ill she looked. He was in the act of starting for Paris when Madame de Mecklenberg arrived, and he brought her in to see his wife. Madame rose to meet her, and was talking cheerfully when a cup of chicory water, for which she had asked, was handed to her by a lady in waiting. She drank the water, and as she set down the cup was seized with a violent pain in her side. Her ladies rushed to her assistance, unlaced her gown, and laid her on her bed; but her sufferings increased every moment, and to the horror of those about her she said that she had been poisoned and that nothing could save her. The doctors who were summoned hastily declared that there was no cause for alarm, and assured Monsieur this was merely an attack of colic which would soon pass off. But Madame shook her head and asked for a confessor. Her ladies melted into tears, when, turning to Monsieur with the gentlest, most touching look in her eyes, she said, "Alas! Monsieur, you have long ceased to love me, but you were unjust, for I have never failed you." Vallot, the King's chief physician, who had been sent from Versailles on the first news of Madame's illness, ordered her to be bled in the arm, which gave her momentary relief, and left again at half-past nine, satisfied that she was out of danger. But still she insisted that she was dying, and told Condé, who had hastened to see her, that she should be dead before morning.

Meanwhile the news had flown like wild-fire through Paris and Versailles. *Madame se meurt*.—Mademoiselle paints the horror with which the words passed from lip to lip. She was walking with the Queen when a message from Madame reached her, begging them to come at once if they wished to find her alive. They drove to St. Cloud with the King, talking as they went of Monsieur's unkindness to his wife, and of this horrible rumour of poison which had got abroad, and the Queen was full of pity for her sister-in-law, of whom she had lately become very fond.

"You see my state," said Madame, as they entered her bedroom. The King bent tenderly over her as she told him that he was losing a faithful subject, and that the first news he would hear next morning would be that of her death. "Kiss me, sir," she added, "for the last time. Ah, sir, do not weep for me," as Louis turned away, unable to control his tears. Then she spoke calmly to the Queen, and pressed Mademoiselle's hand affectionately, telling her that she was beginning to know and love her well.

Never before had the halls of St. Cloud, that palace of delight, witnessed so strange a scene. The doors were crowded with courtiers, princes and princesses, ministers, ladies of the highest rank, all coming and going, waiting in the passages and listening anxiously for the latest news. Some, frivolous even in the presence of death, laughed and talked, but most faces were clouded with sorrow. And in the darkened chamber within, the King, with tears streaming down his face, was clasping Madame in a last farewell. On the other side of the bed stood the Queen in tears, and Monsieur looking more bewildered than distressed. Mademoiselle knelt at the foot sobbing aloud. Many others who had known Madame in the days of youth and gladness were there now. There were the great soldier Condé and his old rival Turenne, Madame de Sévigné with her friend Madame d'Epéron and Madame de La Fayette, and there, standing apart with a look of silent agony on his face, was Tréville, the brilliant and accomplished Tréville, the wittiest man in France,—Tréville, who had adored Madame from afar, and would have given his life to save her. And there, too,—strange companions in the chamber of death!—were La Vallière and Montespan, the King's rival mistresses, who had both of them once been maids of honour to Madame, and who now came together to see her die. There she lay, with all these familiar faces about her, strangely calm in the intervals of her agony, speaking kindly to each in turn, and

talking naturally of her approaching end. From the first she never seemed to have a hope of recovery, and did not once express regret at the cruel fate which called her away in the flower of her youth. Her presence of mind and thoughtfulness never left her. She took a kind farewell of the grey-headed Maréchal de Grammont, the Comte de Guiche's father and Madame de Saint Chaumont's brother, and then, catching sight of Tréville as he stood there overwhelmed with grief, said, *Adieu, Tréville, adieu!* Both the King and Mademoiselle were now convinced that she was dying, and told Monsieur that a priest must be summoned to administer the last sacraments, for which Madame had asked repeatedly. Monsieur hesitated, and asked whose name would appear best in the *Gazette*. Fortunately he thought of Madame's friend l'Abbé Bossuet, Bishop of Condom, who was then in Paris, and a messenger was sent to bring him to St. Cloud.

Meanwhile Feuillet, a Jansenist canon of St. Cloud noted for his apostolic zeal, who had been sent for by Madame de La Fayette, entered the room. The King and Queen retired. "You see, M. Feuillet," said Madame, "to what a state I am reduced." "A very good state, Madame," replied the austere priest. "You will confess now that all must bow to the will of God." "It is too true," said Madame; "till now I have known God but very little." Just then her own confessor, a Capuchin father, tried to interfere, but Madame stopped him with a smile at Madame de La Fayette, and said gently, "Allow M. Feuillet to speak, my father, and you shall have your turn."

While Feuillet was still speaking to her, the English ambassador, Ralph Montagu, came in. Instantly Madame turned to him, begging him to give her brother, the King of England, a ring which she drew off her hand, and to tell him that in her he would lose the person who loved him best in the whole world. "Madam," said the ambassador in English, "have you been poisoned?" She replied also in English,

that if it were so, he must spare her brother the grief of knowing this, but that if he heard of it, he must not take vengeance on the King of France, who was in no way to blame. Here M. Feuillet, catching the word poison, exhorted her to turn her thoughts from earth, and to forgive all who had injured her. She bowed her head and received the last sacraments, after which she took leave of Monsieur, saying that now she only wished to think of God. "At what hour," she asked presently, "did our Lord die on the cross?" "At three o'clock," said Feuillet, and she said that she hoped she might be allowed to die at the same hour.

Then Bossuet came in. *L'espérance, Madame, l'espérance!* were his first words, as he flung himself on his knees and placed the crucifix in her hands. "I hope in His mercy," she answered. "You see, Madame," said Bossuet, "what this life is. Thank God Who calls you to Himself."

Her sufferings seemed to increase with every moment, but she remained perfectly conscious, and with the same delicacy which marked her in life, she whispered to one of her maids in English, "Give M. de Condom the emerald ring which I have had made for him, when I am dead." That ring was placed on Bossuet's finger the next day by the King himself; and when in his funeral oration over Madame he dwelt on the charming grace with which she knew how to give, his eyes rested for a moment on the gem which sparkled on his hand, and his audience understood his meaning.

"Go on," she said, as the Bishop paused, fearing to exhaust her strength. "Go on, I am listening." And he spoke to her words of hope and comfort, and held the crucifix aloft before her failing eyes. "I believe—I believe!" she said fervently, and then sank back exhausted. "Madame," he said, "you believe in God, you hope in God, you love God." "With all my heart," she answered, and never spoke again. The crucifix dropped from her hands, and as Bossuet

uttered the last prayers, she died. The summer morning which dawned on that scene of agony was long remembered in France. There were grief and consternation everywhere. The King on waking heard the news of Madame's death, and Mademoiselle found him in floods of tears. Never, he said, in all his life had he known so great a sorrow, and the few lines which he wrote to Charles that day express the sincerest grief for this sister whom both kings had loved so well. An hour after Madame had breathed her last Montagu wrote to Lord Arlington giving his version of what he might well call "the saddest story in the world."

And underneath all there was the horrible suspicion of poison which she herself had shared. Sinister reports were spread abroad and every detail was given with frightful accuracy. It was said that D'Effiat, a creature of Lorraine's who was attached to Monsieur's person, had with that prince's knowledge, rubbed a deadly poison sent him from Italy on the silver cup from which Madame drank the chicory water on that Sunday afternoon. Montagu believed the story and remained convinced of its truth until his dying day, and many shared his belief. So general was the impression that Louis ordered the body to be opened in the presence of several English and French physicians and the ambassador himself. No trace of poison was found, and the official report declared Madame to have died of cholera-morbus. But it is worthy of note that Vallot, the chief court-physician, disagreed with the other doctors and drew up a separate statement, which was not published at the time, expressing his conviction that signs of poisoning were visible. In England the report had already gained credence and aroused a storm of popular indignation. Charles, in his first outburst of grief and rage, refused to read Monsieur's letter and passionately execrated his name. Buckingham raged like a madman and was for declaring

war on the spot. In the city the mob rose tumultuously and shouted death to the French! Colbert was seriously alarmed, and a special envoy, the old Maréchal de Bellefonds, well known for his personal attachment to Madame, was sent with letters from Louis giving fuller particulars as to her death and the autopsy of her remains, "in order," remarks Montagu, "to disabuse our Court of what the Court people here never will be disabused of." Charles professed himself satisfied with these explanations, Arlington was sent to the Guildhall to pacify the people of London, and the matter was allowed to drop. But when six months afterwards the Chevalier de Lorraine dared again show his face at Court the English ambassador wrote an indignant letter home. "If Madame were poisoned, as few people doubt, he is looked upon by all France to have done it, and it is wondered at by all France that this King should have so little regard to the King our master, considering how insolently he always carried himself to her when she was alive, as to allow his return." His opinion was shared by Monsieur's second wife, who, writing in 1716, gives it as her opinion that the first Madame died poisoned by Lorraine and D'Effiat, but without her husband's knowledge. Of this, she says, the King himself had solemnly assured her. That Louis had suspicions of foul play there appears to be no doubt. Saint Simon tells a story which has been widely repeated since, of how in the night after Madame's death, Monsieur's *maître d'hôtel* was secretly arrested and brought by a back staircase into the King's closet. Here Louis himself examined him, and charged him on pain of instant death to tell him if Madame had been poisoned. The miserable man owned tremblingly that it was so, and added that D'Effiat had received the poison from the Chevalier. "My brother,—did he know?" asked Louis breathlessly. "No, Sire," was the answer; "no one was fool enough to tell him.

He cannot keep a secret; he would have ruined us all." "That is enough," said the King with a sigh of relief, and the man was set at liberty. But after that Louis was too fearful of consequences to venture on an inquiry, and the thing was hushed up.

Whether the tale be true or not, Monsieur may safely be acquitted of all share in the crime. Bad and vicious as he was, scandalous as his conduct to his wife had been, he was hardly fitted by nature to be a great criminal. His cowardice was too abject, his terror of public opinion too excessive for him to have ventured on a crime which would have made him infamous in the eyes of all Europe. Besides, his conduct on that memorable night was not that of a guilty man. Madame de La Fayette owns that, at the mention of poison, her first impulse was to look at him, and that, narrowly as she watched him, she could detect no sign of fear or confusion. Whether Lorraine and D'Effiat were guilty is another matter. That they were held responsible for Madame's death in the eyes of the great majority of their contemporaries appears certain. On the other hand it must be borne in mind that there was a common tendency at that time to attribute sudden death to violent causes. The same suspicions were aroused in the case of Madame's own daughter, the poor young Queen of Spain, who died exactly at her mother's age, and almost in the same way, and again in that of her grand-daughter the dearly-loved Duchess of Burgundy. And Madame's health, always delicate, had been shattered by grave illness and frequent imprudences. Twice over premature confinements had brought her to the point of death, and, as Mademoiselle observes, she had of late

been almost always ill, but that wonderful courage and spirit which she showed in so remarkable a manner during her long agony probably deceived those about her as to her real condition.

The coldness and heartlessness of Monsieur after his wife's death naturally confirmed people in the belief that he was not sorry to be rid of a princess whose worth he had never known. The very day after her death Mademoiselle found him engaged in trying long mourning cloaks of violet velvet on his little daughters, and with his usual ridiculous love of ceremony he insisted that visits of condolence should be paid them in their nursery. And worse than this, hardly had Madame breathed her last when he seized on the money which she had begged Montagu to divide between her servants, and on the casket of letters which the ambassador had promised her to return to Charles, and refused to give them up. A week later he talked freely of marrying again, and told the King he should like to make Mademoiselle his wife, since at her age she would not be likely to have a child, and he would thus secure the whole of her fortune for himself. Mademoiselle, however, was already in love with Lauzun, and knew Monsieur too well now to consent to become his wife at any price. So five months afterwards he consoled himself by marrying Madame's cousin, the daughter of the Elector Palatine, *cette vilaine Altesse Royale*, whose sharp tongue and rude habits formed so complete a contrast to the lady whom all France remembered with such infinite regret.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

THE SHRINE OF FIFTH MONARCHY.

AT Shipbourne, or Shipborne, an old-world village in the Garden of England, amid terraced lawns where the peacocks strut in the sunshine, stands what was once the abode of the Vanes. The house takes its name from the lawns. It is Fairlawn House, and as such we find it mentioned in more than one writing of the seventeenth century. But beyond its name there is little in the house itself to remind us of the Commonwealth. No memory of Independency or Fifth Monarchy can be said to linger about the trim classical building. It is only in the garden that Vane's name is preserved. There a long alley flanked by close-clipped yew hedges is pointed out as Vane's Walk. Up and down this, according to village tradition, the patriot may be seen pacing at dead of night, carrying his head under his arm, whenever a master of Fairlawn is about to die. The walk was thickly turfed by a former owner in order, says omniscient tradition, that the clink of ghostly spurs might not be heard by wakeful ears indoors.

Standing on the vast square lawn to the south of the house one looks downward through the woods, so luxuriant in this corner of Kent, over a long blue vista of the Weald. Of old Harry Vane himself might have stood thus, gazing over at another stronghold of the Parliament men. For there, beyond the Medway and the red roofs of Tunbridge, stands on its wooded hill-top that Summerhill House which the names of Lord Essex and Regicide Bradshaw had rendered notable long before the day of the Muskerries and De Grammont. In the near middle distance, veiled by trees, lies Shipbourne Common, and at the edge of this, hard by an antique butcher's shop which would gladden the heart of Miss Greenaway, one passes under the

lych-gate leading to the lately-restored church. When the workmen were busy demolishing parts of the old building it was easy to visit the vaults underneath, and many were the pilgrimages made thither from the neighbourhood. Now, however, the ordinary public are not admitted to the two vaults, in the inner one of which lie the coffined Vanes.

To step from the bright daylight into the cool and silence of a room of death, with its grey walls and gravelled floor, with its props and tressels and their solemn freight of human dust, is sufficiently strange. But to come suddenly, after a commonplace country walk, into the presence of the dead who made history and met their fate as did Harry Vane, is to feel solemnly subdued even in this pleasantly sceptical nineteenth century. To stand in the presence of the dead, we say. No other phrase so fitly conveys the sense of almost personal acquaintanceship with the departed that reigns in this narrow room. Those who buried and still bury the Aylmer Aylmers of their day and generation, the undertakers who deal in hatchments and old-fashioned funeral pomp, have always been half Egyptian in their methods. It is as though in family vaults they aimed at preserving something of the personality of the departed, something of his actual bodily semblance. Hence the use of the close-fitting leaden coffin. In this Shipbourne vault the leaden shells have nearly all been hidden within velvet-covered and coroneted coffins of the ordinary shape. The Barnards are therefore invisible, as perchance is that Lady of Quality whom Smollett describes and whom tradition says was a Vane. But in two instances,—and those from our present point of view are the most im-

portant—the mummy-like shells lie full in sight devoid of any outer covering. They lie to the left and right of the door as one enters. Nailed to the breasts of both are antique brass plates which bear a pregnant legend. On the left hand one is graven, *Sir Henry Vane, Senr.*, 1656, and on the right hand one, *Sir Henry Vane, Junior*, 1662.

It was but natural that the son should have been laid by the father. And yet it is scarcely fanciful to imagine their juxtaposition to have been the mute sermon of some moralising Puritan sexton, some Southron Old Mortality, who saw in their two careers one of the many sharp contrasts so amply afforded by the troublous seventeenth century. Both men were types of their age, but types widely divergent. Old Sir Henry Vane was the turn-coat *par excellence*, the man "who could not stand erect, could adapt himself to any hole, round or square," the bustling courtier who "smirked, ate good things, made himself useful under Charles, the Commons, and the Protector." His son, young Sir Henry Vane, despite all that may be said in his disfavour, was undeniably a great man,—if not a hero. In all probability the body has lain here since the fifteenth day of June more than two hundred and twenty years ago, when it was brought hither, slung between two horses, on the morrow after the execution on Tower Hill. Let us not look too curiously at the tall form, dimly adumbrated through the dusty lead, at the crude attempt to reproduce the features, at the semblance of crossed hands coarsely punched out upon the bosom. Nay, rather, let the sentimentalist of our party lay a few field-flowers above them! We can afford to pay the tribute now. After all, they were valiant hands. They held no sword as did Oliver's, but with the pen they ruled the destinies of this nation quite as powerfully. Cromwell on his war-horse, Blake on the quarter-deck of the *Triumph*, Vane at White-

hall,—these were the trio who in building up their unpopular Commonwealth laid the foundations of the empire of to-day. No royal Stuart, striving with Machiavellian kingcraft after legitimist ideals, ever wrought for England what these three did.

But it is not merely as the organiser of victory at sea, the man who made our fleets and sent them storming under Blake against the Dutch and their great admiral Van Tromp, that Vane is historically interesting. It is as a *doctrinaire* of the higher sort, as the early advocate of popular government, of the constitutional idea of toleration in religious matters; it is above all as the strangely exalted mystic and as the martyr for ideas believed by him to be a divine trust, that Vane fills so singular a place on the canvas of history. The Knight of Raby's politico-religious mystical writings are full of apocalyptic obscurities, unsurpassable even by William Blake. Plainly, however, but one ideal underlies their strange allegoric tissue,—the dominant ideal of Vane's active life, the dominant Puritanic ideal which makes Hudibras, creature of satire though he be, far more interesting in his absurdity than the witty Restoration which laughed at him. What then was that ideal? Adorned with the old-world phraseology of the Hebrew prophets, it stands out saliently in the preachings of the Fifth Monarchy Men, of whom Vane was often accounted the leader. As Professor Hosmer, Vane's American biographer, points out, they held that "after the domination in the world of the Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman empires, the reign of Christ for a thousand years was about to begin." From the point of view of the present such an ideal or belief so grossly or materialistically stated appears only worthy of Mormons; but we must remember that Vane lived in the seventeenth century, and expressed himself in the language of an age of great activity and change, when theory and its realisations in practice seemed almost

convertible terms. The Protestant mystics, of whom Vane was one, were indeed still under some of the same influences as were the followers of St. Francis. Religious belief was for the Puritans of Vane's stamp far more medieval than modern. Their spiritual brothers were the mystics of the thirteenth century rather than the philosophers, the latitudinarians, and the scientific sceptics of a later day. It is in a lofty medieval strain that Vane ends *The Retired Man's Meditations*,—scarcely in a modern one.

To be more particular in describing the state of things as to the change which does respect the whole creature, during this thousand years, will be needless; considering that the general expressions are so clear and full, that it shall be a glorious, pure, incorrupt state unto the whole creation, which shall then keep a holy Sabbath and rest unto the Lord, a seventh part of the time of the world's continuance, in which there shall be no sowing of the field nor pruning of the vineyard nor exacting any labour from the creature, but what in voluntary service it shall perform by way of homage and worship for the use of His saints, during the thousand years, who are yet in their corruptible natural body, expecting their great change.

Unutterable pathos of death! It is here, under this obscure village church rather than in a regenerate millennial England, that Vane awaits his "great change." But at the time he wrote he was doubtless filled with a lively faith in the immediate material realisation of his transcendent dream, a dream which at all times, and in all circumstances, the world's noblest saints and visionaries, reformers, and Utopians have dreamed and striven to realise. In the light of this belief in the imminent coming upon earth of the Kingdom of Heaven it were best to judge of Vane's career. Refuse to judge him so, refuse him this light, and he becomes the fanatic, the busybody, the strong, yet fatuous man whom his detractors, with but slight regard to the probabilities of psychology, have generally described. Allow

him this light,—allow that throughout his almost feverish career he sought to bring the people he served into what to him seemed the larger day of a beautiful Kingdom of Righteousness whereof all men, high and low, were co-heirs, equal in the sight of God,—allow him this, and his political intellectuality, his clearness of political speech, his administrative strength, apparently in such utter contradiction to his cloudy mysticism though they be, nay his very occasional casuistry in diplomacy, his occasional pedantry and inconsistency become at once explainable as so many means to a sublime end; while his strange passion for religious tolerance among all who believe in Christ, his equalitarianism, his love of democratic sanctions and of politics having no earthly king—his Independence, in one word, is touched with a glory not its own.

A bias of idealising patriotism is indeed apparent in every part of Vane's career. See him on his return from foreign travel to this same Shipbourne some two hundred and fifty years ago. Born and bred in the purple, he has mixed in courtly circles, and has sucked in at Vienna and in the northern cities of the Empire all the subtle teachings of Jesuitry and antique diplomacy. But his knowledge of ciphers and finessing shall serve not Courts, but that virile Protestantism, learnt by him in Nuremburg and Geneva, which to the imaginative among the Puritans meant the cause of freedom and the oppressed, the cause of the Kingdom of Christ. The elder Vane is scandalised to find his stately mannerly son such an enemy to the Court. So, for conscience' sake, the lad sails for the Puritan England beyond the Atlantic. An anecdote is told of how on ship-board the long golden locks of the gentleman attracted the angry attention of grim Roundhead labourers. But these latter soon found their fellow-traveller to be one with themselves. They grew to love him and made easy his entry into the New England world. Here, his reputation

increasing, he is several times elected Governor of Massachusetts. It is during this tenure of power that he first raises the hitherto undreamed of cry for religious tolerance. He is a brave man to do so, for the colonists, decimated by the Indians, are ready to slay one another because a certain Anne Hutchinson has given vent to the debatable statement "that no sanctification can help to evidence to us our justification."

Back in England Vane rushes forward in the van of Puritan Revolution. He enters the Long Parliament. Young though he be he seals Strafford's fate. Mark him as he rises in disorder to tell the House how their King Pym came by a certain paper, how it was found in a red velvet cabinet of old Sir Henry's by him, the Younger Vane, when he was in search of private papers connected with his approaching marriage. Away with bridal thoughts now! It is but a scrap, yet it bears upon it the great Viceroy's doom, for "there were written two LL's and a T over, and an I and an R, which could signify nothing but Lord Lieutenant of Ireland"; and therewith the fatal words,—*"absolved from the rules of government; prosecute the war vigorously; an army in Ireland to subdue this kingdom!"*

Who can stand before a Puritan patriot trained amongst the Jesuits of Vienna? Again behold him taking the indictment of Archbishop Laud. Mark him in close converse with Hampden and Pym. Hear him as he thunders against false bishops, as he stings with winged words the sluggish Essex, as he urges London and the Houses to persevere in the war he deems just. See him in Scotland negotiating the Solemn League and Covenant; recognise in him the foiler of every plot against the Commonwealth; mark him in conjunction with Cromwell urging on the passing of that Self-denying Ordinance which is the making of the Puritan armies. Again, he is a commissioner appointed to treat with Charles. The latter

strives to trick him, but no kingcraft can blind the zealous adapter of means to ends. Later he runs a risk,—a risk that is greatly to his credit as a humane man; he refuses to countenance the King's execution, and utters his protest against Pride's Purge. But under the Commonwealth his lofty zeal is as ever indispensable. He is a member of the Council of State; he organises a mighty naval power where no power was before; he is a leader in finance, in war-matters, in care for Ireland, for Scotland, for persecuted Unitarians and Catholics at home. His burning faith in the perfectibility of mankind finds constant vent in planning schemes for an ideal government. No Sieyès was ever more active than he. In fact Vane is everywhere and in everything during that troublous age. Another great Independent, Milton, who probably owed to him his Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues, has laid the seal of his genius on the work of his friend and patron. Who does not know the sonnet, "composed by a learned gentleman" and sent to Vane on July 3rd, 1652?

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel
old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not
arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold.
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard to be
spell'd;
Then to advise how war may best, upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and
gold,
In all her equipage; besides, to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each
means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which
few have done.
The bounds of either sword to thee we
owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

Thus John Milton, nobly praising a kindred spirit. Milton's great employer, even Oliver, has spoken too, and his phrase has become historic. "O Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane!

the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!" cried the grim Lord General, as in anger and impatience he stamped up and down the Commons House, pouring out a wild torrent of vituperation on the heads of the devoted Rump who were clustered, a dwindled handful, round Speaker Lenthall's chair. Cromwell's oft-quoted ejaculation marks a difficulty which has constantly baffled the critics of politicians with a lofty purpose, but to quote it against Vane, as did his detractors, is surely beside the point. Cromwell was no detractor in that instance. Rather was he indirectly praising. It was as though, Carlyle points out, the stern, practical soldier had cried, "Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!" To the soldier on the eve of a *coup d'état* Henry Vane, with his passion for Parliaments and popular sanctions, appeared far too hard to please, far too unselfish. For Cromwell Vane was "in principles too high to fathom," to quote a phrase from their familiar correspondence.

Death early delivered the man of arms from the criticisms, the stiff principles, the ideal Puritanism of the man of the gown. Oliver died on the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester, September 3rd, 1658,—died, praying for the people. And then after four more years of change and failure came the turn of Harry Vane. The King enjoyed his own again, but the ex-member of the Council of State was too dangerous a man to be covered by the terms of the Oblivion. If it had been hard for the Protector to co-exist with the visionary statesman, how much harder was it for the cynic and voluptuary, enjoying his own at Whitehall, to tolerate this eager and active citizen of the "rose-coloured republic of Christ"!

Vane was seized at his Hampstead seat—he seems to have been but little at Shipbourne—and for two years lay in prison. On June 2nd, 1662, his indictment was read. It charged him with "traitorously imagining and in-

tending the death" of the reigning King, and with "trying to overturn the ancient Government of England." Vane's passionate and learned defence of himself was also that of constitutional rule as now after two hundred years we understand it. He felt, as he stood before his judges, that he was the advocate of the people of England and of their ancient right of self-government. But eloquence and historical learning availed him not with his judicial enemies. Only the payment of blood-money coupled with abject submission might have helped him; and like Algernon Sydney, his neighbour down in Kent, he scorned these with all the strength of his noble spirit.

The day before his death he was visited in the Tower by his wife and children. To them he said,—“You have no cause to be ashamed of my chain, or to fear being brought into the like circumstances I am now in, so it be on as good an occasion, for the name and cause of Christ, and for His righteousness' sake.”

There is a quaintly vivid description in the State Trials of the execution itself. It took place on Saturday, June 14th, 1662. As the sledge bearing Vane to his doom passed within the rails of Tower Hill the air was full of the loud acclamations of the populace. “The Lord Jesus go with your dear soul,” they cried. He doffed his hat in acknowledgment of their kindness, and bared his fine head.

Being come to the scaffold, he cheerfully ascends, and being up, after the crowd on the scaffold was broken into pieces, to make way for him, he showed himself to the people on the front of the scaffold, with that noble and Christian-like deportment, that he rather seemed a looker-on, than the person concerned in the execution, inasmuch that it was difficult to persuade many of the people that he was the prisoner. But when they knew that the gentleman in the black suit and cloak (with a scarlet silk waistcoat, the victorious colour showing itself at the breast) was the prisoner, they generally admired that noble and great presence he appeared with.

"How cheerful he is," said some, "He does not look like a dying man," said others; with many like speeches.

Then he addressed the great multitude. Gentlemen, Fellow-Countrymen, and Christians, he called them, and proceeded to speak of his doom and his happiness therein. But he soon came to thorny places. At a mention of the way in which the judges had refused to do him right the Lieutenant of the Tower broke in with a furious interruption. When the prisoner persisted in his speech "the trumpets were ordered to sound or murre in his face, with a contemptible noise, to hinder his being heard." Again and again when Vane trenched on forbidden ground the trumpets clamoured in his face, till at last the Sheriff snatched the paper from his hand, and the friends and disciples who were taking notes of his words round the scaffold were ordered to give up their notebooks. "My usage from man is no harder than was my Lord and Master's," he said; "and all that will live His life this day, must expect hard dealing from the worldly spirit."

Then for the last time the trumpets cut him short. He was searched for papers ere he was finally permitted to kneel in prayer. Fortunately the notes for his last speech had been

already copied, and delivered to a safe hand. In them he speaks once more of that Good Old Cause, from which so many of his friends of the Honest Party had latterly fallen away. Rhapsodic though his words be, they are yet a fitting crown to the vision-haunted life of the greatest of the Fifth Monarchists.

I shall not desire in this place to take much time, but only, as my last words, leave this with you. That as the present storm we now lie under, and the dark clouds that yet hang over the reformed churches of Christ, (which are coming thicker and thicker for a season) were not unforeseen by me for many years past (as some writings of mine declare), so the coming of Christ in these clouds, in order to a speedy and sudden revival of His cause, and spreading His kingdom over the face of the whole earth, is most clear to the eye of my faith, even that in which I die, whereby the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus.

It is said that when, after long prayer, Vane laid his neck upon the block, the headsman asked him,—
"Shall you raise your head again?"

"Not till the final resurrection," he replied.

VICTOR PLARR.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF ORIGINAL SIN?

ANY ONE who interests himself in education and the literature of education can hardly fail to have been struck with certain aspects of it which give rise to this question. There is a growing tendency to account for what in earlier days would have been called childish faults, and to account for them in such a manner as to transfer the whole burden of responsibility from the child to its teachers. Now this tendency, if allowed to work itself out to its logical conclusion, will be productive of some very curious results; but the small band of enthusiasts who with Froebel hold that in the reformation of the teacher they have discovered a universal panacea for the manifold ills of this much-maligned world, do not always spare the trouble to see what is involved in their premises.

There was a time when men nourished a general belief in the natural depravity of the human heart. Poets might sing of the heaven which "lies about us in our infancy"; but we knew, or thought we knew, in our secret souls that the mother who said, "Go and see what baby is doing and tell him he mustn't," had a far truer insight into the nature of things. Nowadays all this is changed. Like Socrates, we believe that all vice is involuntary; but, unlike Socrates, we attribute it not to ignorance but to knowledge. Education has been the ruin of the world.

But the offender may urge in his defence that he himself was not eternally adult, that his own tastes have been formed, and are therefore clearly due to some one else, and that to this train of reasoning there can obviously never be an end. The ordinary logician would suppose that no other conclusion was possible than a retreat to

the Determinist or Fatalist position which would paralyze every effort at reformation. What is to happen if your character is in every case formed for you? How can you begin to reform when the impulse to do so is not under your own control, when it, like all else, is the product of some one else's teaching? And if the impulse or power to follow it be absent, is not its absence matter for pity rather than blame? But with a fine inconsistency the disciples of Froebel and the rest of the enthusiastic educationalists proceeded to argue on the hypothesis that you might mend if you would, that now that the true light has dawned evil will shortly vanish from the world, and that if this happy result be not immediately achieved the fault will lie at the door of the teacher.

According to them the nursery is to be a store-house of wholesome and beautiful influences. Every toy, every picture, every game, is to be selected for its educational value, and made a potent instrument in moulding the mind and the character of the infant. And since you cannot at every moment be sure of an entrance into the nursery, which shall allow you personally to superintend all these details, you must begin so far as possible by educating the parents. We have lately been given a *Parents' Review*, and without disparaging that doubtless excellent periodical, we may point out that the necessity of giving hints out of the depths of his inexperience to the mother of half-a-dozen children will be a serious addition to the burden of the teacher.

Whether in the nursery, then, or in the schoolroom, the children are to be ceaselessly watched; their natural tendencies are to be encouraged; they are to be trained by useful occupations;

and they will never be idle because they will always be interested. They are to live in an atmosphere of sympathy: they will find everything pleasant; but though their school-time will be passed under ideal conditions it will nevertheless serve as an excellent preparation for the struggles of later life. Moral progress will become a steady process of development, not a constant struggle between duty and inclination. There will be no coercion and no punishment, because there will be no mischief and no rebellion.

Now as an ideal this may be admirable; and in so far as it is based upon the true principle that prevention is better than cure, it cannot be denied that there is much to be said for it. Certainly, if we can anticipate the children's faults and nip in the bud all expression of wicked sentiments, we shall prevent the horse being stolen from the proverbial stable, but we cannot prevent the rise of the desire to steal him. This, however, is what Froebel would have us attempt. We are so to surround our little ones with things peaceful and pleasant that their temper shall never be ruffled, their selfishness never awakened, while at the same time their curiosity is roused and their mental faculties in every way quickened. Are these two processes compatible? Is it desirable to remove all obstacles and to smooth away every difficulty? It was an old belief that experience, if a hard, was an excellent teacher, and that the air of the Lotus Island scarcely tended to produce a nation of statesmen and warriors. But now we have grown too tender-hearted to admit the desirableness of pain. We would have everything beautiful and everything pleasant, and we forget that, like Plato's musician, we may be cutting the very nerve out of the souls of our children. It may be said that the pursuit of knowledge in itself involves difficulties enough, and that these cannot be removed. Just so; and will this softly-nurtured, carefully-guarded generation possess the courage and per-

severance required to surmount them? We venture to doubt it. And when the inevitable failure has come, will the whole blame rest upon the teacher? Or shall we at length begin to suspect that though education can do much it cannot do all, that character counts for something, and that there is a certain inherent originating power in human nature which will have to be reckoned with after all? It will be difficult to go on dwelling in that fool's paradise, in which the reformation of the teacher seemed the one thing desirable.

But though we may laugh at the educational theorists and make light of their theories, the very fact that they are thus interpreted, or perhaps we ought in justice to say misinterpreted, and exaggerated by their over-zealous disciples, points to a very serious feature of contemporary thought. The question of moral responsibility has attracted much attention in this century, and we fear that the tendency of modern writings has been rather to discredit than to establish it. Froebel's doctrine may be said to argue a beautiful faith in human nature as such. Perhaps it does in the case of the enthusiast with whom it originated; but its general acceptance seems to be more closely connected with this modern tendency to shift responsibility or to get rid of the notion altogether. It is not the child who is to be punished for greediness; its teacher ought to have taught it better, or removed temptation out of the way. It is not the drunkard who is responsible for the degradation and misery of himself and his family; it is generations of port-drinking ancestors. It is the old story over again, "Not I, but the woman"; but the old story enormously reinforced by the doctrine of heredity and by materialist views of the influence of body upon mind. Evil is always inherited, or physical, or the outcome of circumstances; never the expression of the free causal will, which for the time at least chooses to identify itself with imperfection.

And that we do not here adopt a pessimistic view of the signs of the times, let these quotations from some recent writers on ethics be our witness. Mr. Herbert Spencer has told us in terms which admit of no two interpretations, that "the sense of duty or moral obligation is transitory and will diminish as fast as moralization increases." Its present existence is merely due to a lack of correspondence between conduct and environment, a mistake arising from our imperfect evolution, a blunder, not a crime. And the author of *The Service of Man* has declared that "the sooner the idea of moral responsibility is got rid of the better it will be for society and moral education." He proceeds to show that since bad men will be bad whatever may be our efforts to reform them, the welfare of society demands their suppression and the preservation only of the good. In short, when the world has become a farm for the improvement of the human species by mechanical methods, when, according to the old Platonic ideal, we breed only from the best, we shall have not Plato's kingdom of philosophers, but a Positivist society regulated by the laws of Political Economy. And yet another authority may be quoted. Dr. Maudsley has stated, and stated clearly, that "the hidden springs of feeling and impulse . . . lie deep in the physical constitution of the individual, and, going still farther back, perhaps in his organic antecedents; assuredly of some criminals, as of some insane persons, it may truly be said that they are born and not made; they go criminal as the insane go mad, because they cannot help it; a stronger power than they can counteract has given the bias of their being." And if these be the utterances of men who have considered the subject from the standpoint of science and philosophy, what is likely to be the temper of ordinary people who catch up such phrases as "hereditary tendency," "cerebral affection," "evolution of conscience," and the like? The converts will always go

further than the original teacher, more especially when conversion is not wholly unproductive of useful results. It is the holder of Church lands who inveighs against the rapacity of ecclesiastics, and there is no such strong incentive to a rapid change of policy as the conviction of its connection with Office. Can it be affirmed that the firm belief in the theory of heredity to be found amongst many who only know Darwin by name and have heard that Mr. Herbert Spencer sometimes writes for the magazines, is not unconnected with a desire to escape the responsibility of their own particular indulgences?

But without attributing any interested views to this latest school of Fatalists, we may at least be allowed to point out that to draw definite conclusions in individual cases is only possible when first principles are firmly established. Many links still require to be supplied in the chain of evidence upon which the theory of Evolution depends. And although those competent to judge agree that qualities may in some sort be transmitted, the kind and amount of the inheritance is still a matter of controversy. While some would have us believe that we can hand on only what we have received, and others that every acquired quality, every chance modification must inevitably descend to our offspring, how can we suppose the mysterious problems of heredity to be a riddle which every child may solve? Surely it would not be strange if a century of patient scientific research were required before the mystery is made clear. And it is, therefore, hardly necessary to point out the rashness of those who are ready to sit down with folded hands in the belief that no effort of theirs can increase or diminish their inherited capital. Why need we believe that because the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, there is therefore no limit to the power which our ancestors wield over our fate? Such a conclusion could only be drawn by those imperfect

logicians who reason that because every one inherits something, therefore everything is inherited. History may repeat itself as in the case of the man, who, when kicked by his son to the threshold of the house, remarked, "I knew you would stop here, because when I was your age I kicked my father to this very place;" but for our own part we should find it difficult to share in the certainty of this much-enduring father.

But an exaggerated belief in a problematical theory, such as that of hereditary transmission, is not the only cause of the decline of the belief in individual responsibility. This materialist age has in these latter days witnessed a marvellous recrudescence of superstition, often masquerading under the guise of scientific research. Our latest school of psychologists have been at much pains to show that the spiritual is but a function of the corporeal, mind but an aspect of matter. So we are left face to face with the further question, what then is matter? Of what is it composed, and with what powers is it endowed? We have long passed the time when it could be supposed to be a motionless, inert mass, a sort of blank resisting body; nor can we any longer be satisfied with the crude, ordinary conception of it as a something incapable of further analysis, or at any rate not needing to be expressed in any simpler terms. No; in an age which is nothing if not scientific, matter presents itself in the guise of atoms, centres of mysterious and incalculable forces, combining, dividing, and recombining, moving in infinite space, a very fairyland of science. Its properties are as occult and mysterious as those of which the old alchemists and magicians had dreamed. What are we to make of Electricity, of Animal-Magnetism, of Will-Power, of Mesmerism? We know not as yet. And thus a sceptical and materialist age bids fair to become more credulous than the most superstitious believer in a spiritual world. Truly Idealism

is justified even of her mutinous children.

It is hardly necessary to give much time to the selection of instances of this widespread faith in the marvellous and the unseen. Mesmerism and Hypnotism have long been fashionable amusements; they fill the pages of our most popular magazines. Doctors are finding it necessary to protest against the abuse of these valuable powers; and the ordinary world, failing to distinguish the true from the false, seems to fancy that the mind which can thus be controlled is at no time responsible for the volitions which it transforms into acts. As a single instance of this mixture of pseudo-science with the wildest absurdities, we will mention a novel which has achieved sufficient popularity to have run through many editions. The writer of *A Romance of Two Worlds* is a woman and a young woman, but she professes to have made a discovery which will revolutionize Christianity and restore its lost faith to the earth. She finds that the universe is a great electric ring of which the Supreme Spirit is the centre, whilst every individual spirit is provided with a certain amount of electricity. "Internally this is the germ of a soul or spirit, and is placed there to be either cultivated or neglected as suits the will of man. . . . Each one of us walks the earth encompassed by an invisible electric ring—wide or narrow, according to our capabilities. Sometimes our rings meet and form one, as in the case of two absolutely sympathetic souls. . . . Sometimes they clash, and storm ensues, as when a strong antipathy between persons causes them almost to loathe each other's presence." Again: "No soul on the earth is complete alone. It is like half a flame that seeks the other half, and is dissatisfied and restless till it attains its object." This twin flame may be found on earth or it may be a spirit of the air; but pass under its influence we must, and not one of our actions is wholly our own. In accordance with this doctrine the heroine,

a sensitive and impressionable woman, gifted apparently with a large stock of this soul-electricity, surrenders herself to the guidance of an angelic being called Azul, who leads her to her twin-soul. How these twin-souls are to make themselves known is not always very clear; their comings and goings are lost in such rapture and ecstasy. But so far as we can make out, an electric thrill felt in the small of the back has a great deal to do with it, and when the rejected suitor approaches the friend of the heroine, an electric current rushing through him strikes him senseless to the ground. True the author's language leaves us in some doubt as to whether our will is electricity or controls electricity; but as our spirit or self is apparently only a developed electric germ, we shall be forced to decide in favour of the former alternative. What then becomes of individual responsibility? Sometimes we are told indeed that this process of soul-cultivation is one which we may neglect, if we will. Yet again it depends for success upon the presence of beautiful objects—and we hear much of "fruits which gleamed amid clusters of glossy dark leaves," wines which were "a kind of nectar of the gods," "heavy regal folds parting in twain with noiseless regularity," and the like. The perfect life then can be possible only to the few. Most men must be content to be mere bodies; it is only the rich who can afford to have souls.

But probably by this time our readers are asking if it be necessary to take this nonsense seriously. Certainly it would never have occurred to us to do so, were it not for the wonderful collection of letters which appears at the end of the latest edition. One correspondent writes to thank the authoress for her book, and adds: "I feel a better woman for the reading of it twice; and I know others too, who are higher

and better women for such noble thoughts and teaching. . . . People for the most part dream away their lives; one meets so few who really believe in electrical affinity." Another writes that the book "has filled me with envy and wonder"—and the last feeling is indeed not surprising. Again we hear that the result of reading it has been in another case, "a complete and happy change in my ideas of religion"; and when a clergyman writes that it has saved him from suicide, it is impossible to doubt the earnestness of the writer whatever we may think of his sanity. We hardly require further proof of the credulity of this generation, and we no longer wonder at the ease with which it accepts a doctrine depriving it of the power of controlling its actions. Mysticism and the belief in freedom which moral responsibility requires have ever had little in common. And if these latter days are to see the rise of an almost Oriental occultism, it is likely that they will see also such a surrender of individuality as may be seen in the philosophy of India.

And yet after all we are not without hope that a refutation of this doctrine may still be found, and that Original Sin may some day re-appear exactly where it seems to have been lost. Only let a man loose among a hundred mischievous schoolboys on a hot afternoon, and we doubt not that whatever may have been his educational theories he will come away sadder and wiser. There is nothing like personal contact for dispelling the mists of theory. For our own part we confess to a perhaps irrational conviction that there is some connection between originality and wickedness, and that to part with the second might mean the loss of the first. Rather than see the world thus reduced to a dead level of commonplace, we would ourselves set out to discover our lost Original Sin.

THE MANAGEMENT OF LAND.

I consider that the Land Agent's business is to grow the largest produce on the smallest quantity of land. (*Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on Forestry. No. 1935.*)

There are 26,757,000 acres of waste, barren land, mountain, fences, water, &c., in Great Britain. (*Agricultural Statistics for 1884-85.*)

THE two sentences which I have placed at the head of this paper suggest a train of thought, which if not unduly pushed or exaggerated, may perhaps bring useful reflections. I have not chosen the first of them with the view of suggesting that land-agents do not carry out the axiom there laid down for their guidance, any more than I have chosen the second for the object of showing that all the land now classified as waste might be usefully occupied. I claim no right to speak with authority on the former subject; and I only know enough of statistics to recognize that deductions absolutely wrong in their tendency may be made, and unfortunately often are made, from premises which have been carefully ascertained and which are undoubtedly true. But I have placed them in juxtaposition because I venture to think that there is a connection which a closer acquaintance and comparison might improve to their mutual benefit.

We were told the other day in the House of Commons by the Minister of Agriculture that the proportion of the area of cultivable land in Great Britain, devoted to the raising of wheat, had since the year 1869 declined to the extent of 1,437,000 acres; and we were also told to ascribe this state of matters to the fall in the value of wheat brought about by foreign competition, the cheapness and rapidity of transport, and to causes connected

with the currency. The inference was that these causes were more or less beyond our control, and that they might be expected to operate in a similar direction even more strongly in the future than they have done in the past. Here again I express no opinion; but I may be permitted to point out that causes apparently the most remote exercise influences the most powerful and direct. The American Silver Bill, for example, has, by the raising of the exchange value of the Indian rupee, already to some extent neutralized the bounty conferred by its depreciation from par value on the Indian wheat-grower. And the failure of crops in the Argentine Republic, or other disturbing influences, may at any time cause the agricultural barometer in England to rise with unlooked-for rapidity.

In some minds there lurks a deep-seated belief, which occasionally protrudes itself across the luncheon-tables of Agricultural Meetings, that Protection in some form or other is necessary for our relief; in others there exists a doubt, increasing in intensity on each visit to foreign shores, whether all fiscal wisdom is concentrated in our island. Many of the witnesses examined before the Parliamentary Committee on Hops, openly asked for Protection for that industry; and they must have done so knowing that the principle once admitted could not be confined in narrow limits. But some from the fear of losing their seats in Parliament, others from the fear of losing their reputation, such as it is, as men of sense, keep their heretical opinions to themselves. I will content myself by saying that if the convictions of Free Traders are as strong as they are doubtless sincere, there are further directions, which are now be-

side the question, in which they must necessarily be carried. For the present it is enough to consider whether we have done all we can for our country under these altered and accepted conditions; and whether it is the inevitable destiny of our agricultural rents to dwindle down in ever-increasing proportion, of our rural population to desert the country and to concentrate in embarrassing numbers into our towns, while Emigration and Colonization are held to be the one and only panacea for all the ills of fortune.

The question is a serious one. Twenty-seven millions of acres represent roughly one-third of the whole area of Great Britain; and while it may easily be conceded that the occupation of much of this is hopeless and out of the question, it is a reproach, which an individual proprietor at any rate would not complacently accept, that any of our land, which if used might give occupation to a contented people, should not be made available for that purpose. And the question must be answered. If it is not one to be solved by the People, it must be solved by the State. If it is not solved by the State, it must be solved by the People, through the machinery now provided for them in the County Councils.

Some such thoughts as these, marshalled I may hope in better order, must, I think, have passed through the mind of a witness recently examined before the Parliamentary Committee on Emigration and Colonization. That gentleman, while admitting the difficulty to be solved in the congestion of the population, suggested that we had not given sufficient attention to Emigration, Forestry, or Fishing within the confines of our own country. Let us look at them in turn.

On the first of them I shall have very little to say. Every scheme of Migration, as well as of Emigration, should have powerful features to recommend it. For as a rule, the people to whom it is proposed, prefer to retain their holdings, more especially if they

have descended to them for some generations, in comparative discomfort and poverty. Schemes of Emigration therefore depend mainly if not entirely upon the increased attention which is given to Forestry, Fishing, or other enterprise which will give scope and employment to the Emigrants. And I need not, as the Parliamentary Committee is, I understand, to be re-appointed, discuss them further.

But on Forestry I may perhaps be permitted a few words. For it touches very nearly the kernel of the two sentences which I have placed at the head of this paper. To draft them more closely, let us ask whether land-agents—and in this I of course include landed proprietors—have sufficiently invoked the aid of Forestry to enable them to make the best use of their land. I am prepared to be told that it is absurd to urge the outlay of non-productive capital on the part of proprietors already sorely pressed by adverse circumstances. And I would hardly carry the matter further if I were obliged to concede that the outlay was non-productive. But that is exactly where I join issue. If even for half a century there were no direct gains from planting, except those obtained from thinnings—and I do not even concede this point, for there are many trees saleable long before they are fifty years old—yet the outlay is in the highest degree, and in the broadest sense, productive from the outset. Wet land is planted, and the surplus or stagnant moisture is absorbed by the fast spreading roots and fibres of trees adapted of course to the situation. Exposed land is planted, and even brushwood or the wattle screens used for the protection of the young plants break the winds and give shelter to flocks and herds harbouring under the lee. Light and friable land is planted, and “wash” is prevented either by the trees themselves or by the embankments which, drawn across the ravines, afford them holding-ground in the earlier stages of their growth. Most important of all, waste land is

being occupied, not exhaustively, but in a manner calculated in the highest degree to increase its fertility and its ultimate value. As I have pointed out elsewhere, firs are planted in various parts of France to give rest and vigour to land too long cultivated with cereals and other exacting crops.

But I must not omit one aspect of the case, by far the most formidable one with which I have to deal. The greater proportion of the land which could be used for planting already brings in a handsome and easy revenue to its proprietor, as a deer-forest or shooting-ground. And the proprietor here is an individual having inalienable rights in his property, not a Government holding it in trust. It is easy to say that a Government has no conscience to attack, and is not easily dealt with. But conscience has little to do with it, which perhaps is fortunate. For in this matter of Forestry, more perhaps than in any other, the advantages arising at once to the State and to the People are inseparable and recognizable. Eliminating then this matter of conscience, if my readers will permit me the gratification of believing in its existence, I for one would prefer to deal with a Government. For I could point to a host of precedents, not the least conspicuous and potent of which would be drawn from the experiences of our Indian Empire, which would beat down opposition, and, unless theory be preferred to practice, defy argument. Not, be it observed, the experiences of what the world pleasantly calls wise men; on the contrary, the experiences of men once ignorantly hostile, now strenuous, because appreciative, supporters of a Government policy of Forestry.

Here then is my difficulty. And unless concessions are made on the part of proprietors, I own again that it is a formidable one. In Great Britain, moreover, I have not even Crown Forests to point to as a moral. The idea of a Crown Forest is that of a forest within the limits of which

the authority of the Crown is paramount. Here alone State Forestry, the systematic management of forests, is possible. There is no such forest in England; there is no forest in which, even in theory, the Crown has a free hand. The demonstration then of the usefulness of Forestry can only come from the concession of individuals. I do not say that there is no such demonstration. That would mean that the *ryots* of India and the peasant-shepherds of the Alps were more alive to their own interests than cultured Englishmen. And I have visited forests and woods in Scotland whose proprietors have nothing—nothing that is applicable to their own circumstances—to learn from the Continent. But the Government can do much to foster and encourage such concessions. Why not, for example, forego, at any rate for a time, rates and taxes on lands planted but not immediately remunerative? Why not, for example, provide plants for proprietors willing to put them out, at cost price or at no price at all? Why not in short encourage individuals to give Forestry a fair trial by the grant of subsidies direct or indirect to the enterprise?

Some efforts have recently been made in this direction by private bodies both in England and Scotland. In the latter country, Forestry has always existed, and the intention is to widen the sphere of interest taken in the subject by lectures. In England, examinations in Forestry have been imported into the regular course of training for the ideal land-agent. Both are steps which merit attention and support, and which go to prove that in both countries private aid would not be wanting. Official recognition and consolidation are alone necessary to give the matter a fair trial. But I cannot help thinking that the first step is to prepare the way by a map showing the physical features of the country and explaining, for example, where land has gone out of cultivation or where it is cultivated unremuneratively; where

planting such land is likely to succeed; and where local interest is ready to be enlisted in support of such schemes. The dry bones of statistics are all very well, but they may be saved from misapplication, and they would, at any rate, be clothed with more general interest if they were accompanied by explanatory maps. I was in Prussia the other day in the company of a Government official, and I envied the workmanlike map of his district, which he placed at my service in explanation of the questions I asked him regarding the country.

If there are not mutual concessions on the part of the Government and of proprietors, we need not be surprised to learn that the area of waste land in Great Britain is yearly increasing. And if agricultural statistics and Ministerial statements are alike obliged to confess to this fact, some persons whose verdict will be more telling than mine, may suggest the deduction that the aphorism embodying the duties of a land-agent might be more practically exemplified. And some may even dare to say that the Department of Agriculture, while paying attention to what are really minor and in some cases vexatious details, neglects the development of the resources of the soil. It was surely an omission, for example, not to send an official of the Department to the International Congress recently held at Vienna, during the Exhibition of Forestry and Agriculture.

In any case, be the administrators who they may, the administration of the land should be beyond the challenge either of the tenants who pay the rents—for waste land cannot but affect adversely the cultivation in its immediate neighbourhood—or of the general public who have to lament the loss of outlets for labour, and who are ready to lend too attentive an ear to the declamations of pseudo land-reformers. I shall not toy here with such double-edged tools as political considerations place temptingly within my reach. It is a pure question of admin-

istration, private or public, and ultimately an admixture of both. If we have a Department of Agriculture, let it be loyally supported to the greatest extent possible both by County Councils and by private individuals; and let it in return disseminate for the good of all interested the wisdom and the resources of which it is at once the recipient and the dispenser. It will surely be found that, taking the ground of financial economy only, some of our land at present lying waste may be usefully occupied either by agricultural settlements or by plantations.

Let us now for a few moments leave dry ground. The interests of Fishing in such a small country as Switzerland are deemed sufficiently important to entitle them to a separate sub-heading in the Annual Reports of the Ministry of Agriculture. And in our island the rights of the sea-board proprietors and of the sea-board population are, as compared to those which exist in lakes and rivers, of vastly greater importance. For their maintenance or decadence means the vigorous or weakly pulsation of the hearts of our seamen, the first line of our National Defence.

Do we not—I put it interrogatively, for I am here less than ever able to speak with confidence—do we not sail somewhat on the wrong tack in this matter? Do we not clamour for harbours—admittedly most desirable—while we are in the meantime neglecting the fishing-banks, the oyster and mussel-beds, which yield a living to the seamen in whose interests these harbours are required? Wherever I go, on the coasts of England or Scotland, up comes this question in my own mind so persistently that I am forced to think there must be something in it. Here, for example, not two miles from where I am writing, was (I regret to use the past tense) a long-stretching oyster-bed absolutely inexhaustible had it been treated with average fairness. For many years it resisted the combined efforts of four hundred boats, each carrying three men,

to depopulate it. But the demand grew fiercer and more exacting. Foreign purchasers came, buying oysters large and small, mature and immature, not by number, but by the tubful. Little recked the careless and unrestrained fishermen of the welfare of their successors or even of their own. A standard ring was at length produced by the Government officials, and if a man was found with oyster shells in his possession which would slip through this ring, he was fined and his fish confiscated. But the mischief had already been done. There were then very few shells to go through any ring big or little, Government or private. And the number of boats had decreased to some sixteen or seventeen, the occupation of more than a thousand fishermen had gone, and the resources of the Navy and Mercantile Marine had to that extent been impoverished. And the process is not one only of the past. Here again, not two miles away from where I am writing, are stake-nets catching at every tide in their meshes, which, be it noted, are only the size of a shilling, fish big and small, mature and immature. The foreshore is claimed by the lords of the soil, and far out to sea, in places which can only be reached during exceptionally low tides, run the ropework stockades, terminating in a small enclosure or trap. Formerly the nets were banked up with sea-weed and shingle which retained a certain proportion of water and gave a chance of survival to the captives. Now all this is too much trouble and the water ebbs away without restraint, leaving the fish a welcome but wasteful prey to the attendant sea-gulls, who flock to the table thus liberally spread for them twice in the twenty-four hours.

Yet a very little while and, before a regulation make of net is decided on, there will be very few fish to go through any mesh, big or little, Government or private. Brag and Talk are good dogs, but Holdfast is a better. Our acres both of land and sea are not running away; but the thews and sinews, the intelligence and the capital are running, and are encouraged to run with ever-increasing momentum, with such momentum indeed, that so long as they run somewhere the suitability of that somewhere seems a matter of very secondary importance.

I have put these few thoughts together under what I feel to be the ambitious, perhaps the misleading title of the *Management of Land*; and if what I have ventured to say may happily chance to induce even one manager of land in England to evolve out of their crudeness practical shape, and to give to that shape practical effect, I am willing to undergo the charge of presumption. For I, too, have had the honour to belong to a Department of Government Administration, whose chiefs have made a princely property out of the neglected and wasted jungles; and have in so doing encouraged even the weakest of their coadjutors and subordinates to believe that their assistance was sought, and that their labours were exercised in a direction, not perhaps brilliantly conspicuous, but solidly useful, and in a manner which, with an unavoidable appearance of severity, has indubitably commended itself to the approval of the ruled, as well as of the rulers. This, I take it, is the very essence of the *Management of Land* in our own or any other country.

GEORGE CADELL.

THE LITTLE MARQUIS.

HERVÉ DE VERVAINVILLE, Marquis de Saint-Laurent, was at once the biggest and smallest landlord of Calvados, the most important personage of that department and the most insignificant and powerless. Into his cradle the fairies had dropped all the gifts of fortune but those two without which the others taste as ashes—love and happiness. His life was uncoloured by the affections of home, and his days, like his ragged little visage and his dull personality, were vague with the vagueness of negative misery. Of his nurse he was meekly afraid, and his relations with the other servants were of the most distantly polite and official nature. He understood that they were there to do his bidding nominally and compel him actually to do theirs, pending his hour of authority. With a little broken sigh he envied the happiness that he rootedly believed to accompany the more cheerful proportions of the cottager's experience, of which he occasionally caught glimpses in his daily walks, remembering the chill solitude of his own big empty castle and the immense park that seemed an expansion of his imprisonment, including, as part of his uninterrupted gloom, the kindly meadows and woods, the babbling streams and leafy avenues, where the birds sang of joys uncomprehended by him.

Play was as foreign to him as hope. Every morning he gravely saluted the picture of his pretty mother which hung in his bedroom, a lovely picture, hardly real in its dainty old-world charm, arch and frail and innocent, the bloom of whose eighteen years had been sacrificed upon his own coming, leaving a copy washed of all beauty, its delicacy blurred in a half-effaced boyish visage without character or colouring. Of his father Hervé never spoke,—shrinking, with the uncon-

scious pride of race, from the male interloper who had been glad enough to drop an inferior name, and was considered by his friends to have waltzed himself and his handsome eyes into an enviable bondage. And the only return he could make to the house that had so benefited him was a flying visit from Paris to inspect the heir and confer with his son's steward (whose guardian he had been appointed by the old Marquis at his death), and then return to his city pleasures which he found more entertaining than his Norman neighbours.

On Sunday morning little Hervé was conducted to High Mass in the church of Saint-Laurent upon the broad high-road leading to the town of Falaise. Duly escorted up the aisle by an obsequious Swiss in military hat and clanking sword, with a long blonde moustache that excited the boy's admiration, Hervé and his nurse were bowed into the colossal family pew, as large as a moderate sized chamber, roughly carved and running along the flat wide tombs of his ancestors, on which marble statues of knights and medieval ladies lay lengthways. The child's air of melancholy and solitary state was enough to make any honest heart ache, and his presence never failed to waken the intense interest of the simple congregation, and supply them with food for speculation as to his future over their mid-day soup and cider. Hard indeed would it have been to define the future of the little man sitting so decorously in his huge pew, and following the long services in a spirit of almost pathetic conventionality and resignation, only very occasionally relieved by his queer broken sigh that had settled into a trick, or a furtive wandering of his eyes that sought distraction among ancestral epitaphs.

He was not, it must be owned, an

engaging child, though soft-hearted and timidly attracted by animals, whose susceptibilities he would have feared to offend by any uninvited demonstration of affection. He had heard himself described as plain and dull, and thought it his duty to refrain as much as possible from inflicting his presence upon others, preferring loneliness to adverse criticism. But he had one friend who had found him out and taken him to herequally unhappy and tender heart. The Comtesse de Fresney, a lady of thirty, was like himself miserable and misunderstood. Hervé thought she must be very beautiful for him to love her so devotedly, and he looked forward with much eagerness to the time of her widowhood, when he should be free to marry her.

There was something inexpressibly sad in the drollery of their relations. Neither was aware of the comic element, while both were profoundly impressed with the sadness. Whenever a fair, a race, or a company of strolling players took the tyrannical Count away from Fresney, a messenger was at once despatched to Saint-Laurent, and gladly the little Marquis trotted off to console his friend.

One day Hervé gave expression to his matrimonial intentions. The Countess, sitting with her hands in her lap, was gazing gloomily out of the window when she turned, and said, sighing: "Do you know, Hervé, that I have never even been to Paris?"

Hervé did not know, and was not of an age to measure the frightful depth of privation confessed. But the Countess spoke in a sadder voice than usual and, in response to her sigh, his childish lips parted in his own vague little sigh.

"When I am grown up I'll take you to Paris, Countess," he said, coming near, and timidly fondling her hand.

"Yes, Hervé," said the Countess, and she stooped to kiss him.

"M. le Comte is so old that he will probably be dead by that time, and then I can marry you, Countess, and

you will live always at Saint-Laurent. You know it is bigger than Fresney."

"Yes, Hervé," said the Countess musingly, thinking of her lost years and dead dreams, as she stared across the pleasant landscape.

Hervé regarded himself as an engaged gentleman from that day. The following Sunday he studied the epitaph on the tomb of the last Marquis, his grandfather, who had vanished into the darkness of an unexplored continent with note-book and scientific intent, to leave his bones to whiten in the desert and the name of a brave man to adorn his country's annals. Hervé was all excitement to learn from the Countess the precise meaning of the words *distinguished* and *explorer*.

"Countess," he hurried to ask, "what is it to be distinguished?"

"It is greatly to do great things, Hervé."

"And what does *explorer* mean?"

"To go far away into the unknown: to find out unvisited places, and teach others how much larger the world is than they imagine."

This explanation thrilled new thoughts and ambition in the breast of the little Marquis. Why should not he begin at once to explore the world, and see for himself what lay beyond the dull precincts of Saint-Laurent? He then would become distinguished like his grandfather, and the Countess would be proud of him. The scheme hurried his pulses, and gave him his first taste of excitement, which stood him in place of a very small appetite. He watched his moment in the artful instinct of childhood with a scheme in its head. It was not difficult to elude a careless nurse and gossiping servants, and he knew an alley by which the broad straight road leading from the castle to the town might be reached over a friendly stile that involved no pledge of secrecy from an untrustworthy lodge-keeper. And away he was scampering along the hedge, drunk with excitement and the glory of his own unprotected state,

drunk with the spring sunshine and the smell of violets that made breathing a bliss.

Picture a tumble-down town with a quantity of little streets breaking unexpectedly into glimpses of green meadow and foliage; rickety omnibuses jerking and rumbling upon uncouth wheels, mysteriously held by their drivers from laying their contents upon the jagged pavements; little old-fashioned squares washed by runlets for paving divisions, with the big names of *La Trinité*, *Saint-Gervais*, *Guillaume le Conquérant*, and the *Grand Turc*,—the latter the most unlikely form of heretic ever to have so shaken the equilibrium of the quaint town; a public fountain, a marketplace, many-aisled churches smelling of damp and decay, their fretted arches worn with age and their pictures bleached of all colour by the moist stone; primitive shops, latticed windows, asthmatical old men in blouses and night-caps in which they seem to have been born and in which they promise to die; girls in linen towers and starched side-flaps concealing every curl and wave of their hair, their *sabots* beating the flags with the click of castenets; groups of idle hussars, moustached and menacing, strutting the dilapidated public gardens like walking arsenals, the eternal cigarette between their lips and the everlasting *sapristi* and *sacré* upon them. Throw in a *curé* or two, wide-hatted, of leisured and benevolent aspect, with a smile addressed to the world as a general *mon enfant*; an *abbé*, less leisured and less assured of public indulgence; a discreet *frère*, whose hurrying movements shake his robes to the dimensions of a balloon; an elegant *sous-préfet*, conscious of Parisian tailoring and much in request in provincial *salons*; a wooden-legged colonel, devoted to the memory of the first Napoleon, and wrathful at that of him of Sedan; a few civilians of professional calling, deferential to the military and in awe of the colonel; the local gossip and shop-keeper on Trinity Square,

Mère Lescaut, who knows everything about everybody, and the usual group of antagonistic politicians. For the outskirts, five broad roads diverging star-wise from a common centre, with an inviting simplicity of aspect that might tempt the least adventurous spirit of childhood to make by one of those pleasant, straight and leafy paths for the alluring horizon. Add the local lion, Great William's Tower, a very respectable Norman ruin, where a more mythical personage than William might easily have been born, and which might very well hallow more ancient loves than those of Robert and the washerwoman Arletta; a splendid equestrian statue of the Conqueror, and a quantity of threads of silver water running between mossy banks, where women in mountainous caps of linen wash clothes, and the violets in spring and autumn grow so thickly that the air is faint with their sweet scent. Afar, green field upon green field stretching on all sides till the atmospheric blue blots out their colour and melts them into the sky; sudden spaces of wood making shadows upon the bright plains and dusty roads, fringed with poplars, cutting uninterrupted paths to the horizon.

The weekly fair was being held on the Place de la Trinité when Hervé made his way so far. The noise and jollity stunned him. Long tables were spread round, highly coloured and decorated with a variety of objects, and good-humoured cleanly Norman women in caps, and men in blue blouses, were shouting exchanged speech or wrangling decorously. Hervé thrust his hands into his pockets in a pretence of security, like that assumed by his elders upon novel occasions, though his pulses shook with unaccustomed force and velocity; and he walked round the tables with uneasy impulses towards the toys and sweetmeats, and thought a ride on the merry-go-round would be an enviable sensation. But these temptations he gallantly resisted, as unbecoming his serious business. Women smiled upon

him, and called him, *Ce joli petit monsieur*, a fact which caused him more surprise than anything else, having heard his father describe him as ugly. He bowed to them when he rejected their offers of toys and penknives, but could not resist the invitation of a fresh cake, and held his hat in one hand while he searched in his pocket to pay for it. Hervé made up for his dulness by a correctness of demeanour that was rather depressing than captivating.

Munching his cake with a secret pleasure in this slight infringement of social law, he wandered upon the skirt of the noisy and good-natured crowd, which in the settlement of its affairs was lavish in smiles and jokes. What should he do with his liberty and leisure when his senses had tired of this particular form of intoxication? He bethought himself of the famous tower which Pierrot, the valet, had assured him was the largest castle in the world. Glancing up the square he saw the old wooden-legged Colonel limping towards him, and Hervé promptly decided that so warlike a personage could not fail to be aware of the direction in which the tower lay. He barred the Colonel's way with his hat in his hand, and said: "Please Monsieur, will you be so good as to direct me to the castle of William the Conqueror?"

The Colonel heard the soft tremulous pipe, and brought his fierce glare down upon the urchin with hawk-like penetration. Fearful menace seemed to lie in the final tap of his wooden leg upon the pavement as he came to a standstill in front of Hervé, and he cleared his chest with a loud military sound like *boom*. Hervé stood the sound, but winced and repeated his request more timidly. Now this desperate-looking soldier had a kindly heart and loved children. He had not the least idea that his loud *boom*, and his shaggy eyebrows, and his great scowling red face frightened the life out of them. A request from a child so small and feeble to be directed to anybody's cas-

tle, much less the Conqueror's, when so many strong and idle arms in the world must be willing to carry him, afflicted him with an almost maternal throb of tenderness. By his smile he dispersed the unpleasant impressions of his *boom* and the click of his artificial limb, and completely won Hervé's confidence, who was quite pleased to find his thin little fingers lost in the grasp of his new companion's large hand, when the giant in uniform turned and volunteered to conduct him to the tower. Crossing the Square of Guillaume le Conquerant, Hervé even became expansive.

"Look, Monsieur," he cried, pointing to the beautiful bronze statue, "one would say that the horse was about to jump and throw the knight."

The Colonel slapped his chest like a man insulted in the person of a glorious ancestor, and emitted an unusually gruff *boom*, that nearly blew little Hervé to the other side of the square and made his lips tremble.

"I'd like, young sir, to see the horse that could have thrown that man," said the Norman.

"There was a Baron of Vervainville when Robert was Duke of Normandy. He went with Robert to the Crusades. The Countess has told me that only very distinguished and brave people went to the Crusades in those days. They were wars, Monsieur, a great way off. I often try to make out what is written on his tomb in Saint-Laurent, but I can never get further than Geoffroi," Hervé concluded, with his queer short sigh, while in front of them rose the mighty Norman ruin upon the landscape, like the past glancing poignantly through an ever youthful smile.

The Colonel, enlightened by this communication upon the lad's identity, stared at him in alarmed surprise.

"Is there nobody in attendance upon M. le Marquis?" he asked.

"I am trying to be an explorer like my grandpapa; that is why I have run away at once. I am obliged to you, Monsieur, but it is not necessary

that you should give yourself the trouble to come further with me. I shall be able to find the way back to the Place de la Trinité."

The Colonel was dubious as to his right to accept dismissal. The sky looked threatening, and he hardly believed that he could in honour forsake the child. But, *sapristi!* there were the unread papers down from Paris waiting for him at his favourite haunt, the Café du Grand Turc, to be discussed between generous draughts of cider. He tugged his grey moustache in divided feelings, and at last came to a decision with the aid of his terrible boom. He would deliver the little Marquis into the hands of the *concierge* of the tower, and after a look in upon his cronies at the Grand Turc and a glass of cider, hasten to Saint-Laurent in search of proper authority.

Hervé was a decorous sightseer, who left others much in the dark as to his private impressions of what he saw. The tower, he admitted, was very big and cold. He did not think it would give him much satisfaction to have been born in the chill cavernous chamber wherein William had first seen the light, while the bombastic lines upon the conquest of the Saxons, read to him in a strong Norman accent, gave him the reverse of a desire to explore that benighted land. With his hands in his pockets he stood and peeped through the slit in the stone wall, nearly as high as the clouds, whence Robert is supposed to have detected the charming visage of Arletta, washing linen below, with a keenness of sight nothing less diabolical than his name.

"I couldn't see anybody down so far, could you?" he asked; and then his attention was caught by the big rain-drops that were beginning to fall in black circles upon the unroofed stone stairs. The *concierge* watched the sky a moment, then lifted Hervé into his arms and hurried down the innumerable steps to the shelter of his own cosy parlour. Excitement and fatigue were telling upon the child, who looked nervous and scared.

The rain-drops had gathered the force and noise of several water-falls pouring from the heavens with diluvian promise. Already the landscape was drenched and blotted out of view. An affrighted peasant, in *sabots* large enough to shelter the woman and her family of nursery rhyme, darted down the road, holding a coloured umbrella as big as a tent. The roar of thunder came from afar, and a flash of lightning broke through the vapoury veil, making Hervé blink like a distracted owl caught by the dawn. Oh, if he were only back safely at Saint-Laurent, or could hold the hand of his dear Countess! No, he would not explore any more until he was a grown-up man. A howl of thunder and a child's feeble cry—

Meanwhile confusion reigned in the castle. Men and women flew hither and thither, screaming blame upon each other. In an agony of apprehension the butler ordered the family coach and was driven into town, wondering how M. le Vervainville would take the news if anything were to happen to remove the source of his wealth and local importance. *Parbleu!* he would not be the man to tell him. Crossing the Place de la Trinité, he caught sight of Mère Lescaut gazing out upon the deluged square. In a happy inspiration he determined to consult her, and while he was endeavouring to make his knock heard above the tempest and to shield his eyes from the glare of the lightning flashes, Mère Lescaut thrust her white cap out through the upper half of the shop door, and screamed, "You are looking for M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent, and I saw him cross the square with Colonel Larousse this afternoon."

"*Diable! Diable!*" roared the distracted butler. "I passed the Colonel on the road an hour ago."

The endless moments lost in adjuring the gods, in voluble faith in calamity, in imprecations at the storm and shivering assertions of discomfort which never mend matters, and at last the dripping colonel and swearing

butler meet. M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent and Baron de Vervainville was found asleep amid the historic memories of Robert and Arletta.

This escapade brought M. de Vervainville down from Paris with a new tutor. The tutor was very young, very modern, and very cynical. He was not in the least interested in Hervé, though rather amused when, on the second day of their acquaintance, the boy asked—"Monsieur, are you engaged to be married?" The tutor was happy to say that he had not that misfortune.

"Is it then a misfortune? I am very glad that I am engaged, though I have heard my nurse say that married people are not often happy."

The tutor thought it not improbable such an important personage as the Marquis de Saint-Laurent had been officially betrothed to some desirable *parti* of infant years, and asked her age and name.

"The Countess de Fresney. She is not a little girl, and at present her husband is alive, but I daresay he will be dead soon. You know, Monsieur, she is a great deal older than I am, but I shall like that much better. It will not be necessary for me to learn much, for she will know everything for me, and I can amuse myself. I will take you to see her to-morrow. She is very beautiful,—but not so beautiful as my mamma—and I love her very dearly."

It occurred to the cynical tutor that the Countess might be bored enough in this uncheerful place to take an interest in so captivating a person as himself. But when they arrived at Fresney they learnt that the Countess was seriously ill. Hervé began to cry when he was refused permission to see his friend, and at that moment M. le Comte, an erratic, middle-aged tyrant, held in mortal terror by his dependants, burst in upon him with a vigorous—"Ho, ho! the little Marquis, my rival. Come hither, sirrah, and let me run the sword of vengeance through your body."

And the merry old rascal began to roll his eyes, and mutter strange guttural sounds for his own amusement and Hervé's fright.

"I do not care if you do kill me, M. le Comte," the boy sobbed. "You are a wicked man, and it is because you make dear Madame unhappy that she is so ill. You are as wicked and ugly as the ogre in the story she gave me last Christmas. But she will get well, and you will die, and then I will marry her, and she will never be unhappy any more."

"Take him away before I kill him—the insolent little jackanapes! In love with a married woman, and telling it to her husband! Ho, ho! so I am an ogre! Very well, let me make a meal of you." With that he produced an orange and offered it to Hervé, who turned on his heel, and stumbled out of the room, blinded with tears.

But the Countess did not get well. She sent for Hervé one day, and kissed him tenderly.

"My little boy, my little Hervé, you will soon be alone again. But you will find another friend, and by and by you will be happy."

"Never, never, if you die, Countess. I shall not care for anything, not even for my new pony, though it has such a pretty white star on its forehead. I do not want to grow up, and I shall never be married now nor—nothing," he cried, with quivering lips.

That evening his friend died, and the news was brought to Hervé as he and the tutor sat over their supper. Hervé pushed away his plate, and took his scared and desolate little heart to the solitude of his own room. During the night the tutor was awakened by his call.

"Monsieur, please to tell me what happens when people die."

"*Ma foi*, there is nothing more about them," cried the tutor.

"And what are those who do not die supposed to do?"

"To moderate their feelings,—and go to sleep."

"But I cannot sleep, Monsieur. I

am very unhappy. Oh, I wish it had been the Count. Why doesn't God kill wicked persons? Is it wicked to wish the Count to be dead, Monsieur?"

"Very."

"Then I must be dreadfully wicked, for I would like to kill him myself, if I were big and strong."

At breakfast next day he asked if people did not wear very black clothes when their friends died, and indited a curious epistle to his father begging permission to wear the deepest mourning for the lady he was to have married. Vested in black, his little mouse-coloured head looked more pitiful and vague than ever, as he sat out the long funeral service in the church of Saint Gervais, and lost himself in endless efforts to count the candles and understand what the strange catafalque and velvet pall in the middle of the church meant, and what had become of the Countess.

After the burial his tutor took him to the cemetery. The bereaved child carried a big wreath to lay upon the grave of his departed lady-love. Kneeling there, upon the same mission, was M. le Comte, shedding copious tears and apostrophising the dead he had made it a point to wound in life. Hervé knelt opposite him, and stared at him indignantly. Why should he cry? The Countess had not loved him, nor had he loved the Countess. The boy flung himself down on the soft earth, and began to sob bitterly. The thought that he would never again see his lost friend took full possession of him for the first time, and he wanted to die himself. Disturbed by this passionate outbreak, the Count rose, brushed the earth from his new trousers with a mourning pocket-handkerchief already drenched with his tears, and proceeded to lift Hervé.

"The dear defunct was much attached to you, little Marquis," he said, and began to wipe away Hervé's tears with the handkerchief made sacred by his own. "You were like a son to her."

"I don't want you to dry my eyes,

Monsieur," Hervé exploded, bursting from his enemy's arms. "I do not like you, and I always thought you would die soon, and not Madame. It isn't just, and I will not be friends with you. I shall hate you always for you are a wicked man, and you were cruel to Madame."

The Count, who was not himself accounted sane by his neighbours, looked at the amused and impassable tutor, and significantly touched his forehead.

"Hereditary," he muttered, and stood to make way for Hervé.

The birds were singing deliciously, the late afternoon sunshine gathered above the quiet trees (made quieter by here and there an unmovable cypress and a melancholy yew, fit symbols of the rest of death) into a pale golden mist shot with slanting rays of light, and the violets' was the only scent to shake by suggestion the sense of soothing negation of all emotion or remembrance. Out upon the road, running like a broad ribbon to the town, unanimated in the gentle illumination of the afternoon, the tutor and Hervé met the Colonel limping along, one might imagine, upon the sound of a prolonged boom. Hervé's tears were dried, but his face looked sorrowful and stained enough to spring tears of sympathy to any kind eyes. The Colonel drew up, touched his cap, and uttered his customary signal with more than his customary gruffness. Hervé stood his ground firmly, though he winced, for he was a delicate child unused to rough sounds.

"How goes it, M. le Marquis? How goes it?" shouted the Colonel.

"M. le Colonel, it goes very badly with me, but I try to bear it. My tutor tells me that men do not fret; I wish I knew how they manage not to do so when they are sad. I did want to grow up soon, and explore the world like my grandpapa, and then I should have married the Countess of Fresney if her husband were dead. But now everything is different, and I don't even want to see the tower of

William the Conqueror again. I don't want to grow up. I don't want anything now."

"Poor little man!" said the Colonel, patting his shoulder. "You've lost a friend, but you will gain others, and perhaps you'll be a great soldier one of these days, like the little Corporal."

Hervé shook his head dolorously. He saw nothing ahead but unpleasant lessons varied by sad excursions to the Countess's grave.

The unhappy little Marquis was moping and fading visibly. He could not be got to take an interest in his lessons, and he proudly strove to conceal the fact that he was afraid of his tutor's mocking smile. The news of his ill-health reached M. de Vervainville in Paris, and at once brought that alarmed gentleman down to Falaise. On Hervé's life depended his town luxuries and his importance as a landed proprietor. Was there anything his son wished for? Hervé reflected awhile, then raised his mouse-coloured head and sighed his own little sigh. He thought he should like to see Colonel Larousse. And so it came that one morning, staring out of the window, the boy saw a familiar military figure limping up the avenue. Hervé's worried small countenance almost glowed with expectation as he rushed to welcome his visitor, the sound of whose *boom* and the tap of his wooden leg upon the parquet, as well as his dreadful shaggy eye-brows, seemed even cheerful.

"Do you think, Monsieur," Hervé asked gravely, "that you would mind having for a friend such a very little boy as I?"

The Colonel cleared his throat and felt his eyes required the same operation, though he concealed that fact from Hervé.

"*Boom! Touchez là, mon brave.*"

Never yet had Hervé heard speech so hearty and so republican. It astonished him and filled him with a sense of perfect ease and trust. It was like a free breath in oppressive etiquette,—the child-prince's first mud-

pie upon the common road of humanity. Hervé became excited, and confided to the Colonel that his father had ordered a toy sailing-boat for him, and that there was going to be a ball at Saint-Laurent in honour of his birthday, though he was not quite sure that he would enjoy that so much as the boat, for he had never danced and could not play any games like other children. Still, if Colonel Larousse would come, they could talk about soldiers. Come! Of course the Colonel came, looking in his brushed uniform as one of the heroes home from Troy, and Hervé admired him prodigiously.

The birthday ball was a great affair. Guests came all the way from Caen and Lisieux, and Hervé, more bewildered than elated, stood beside his splendid father to receive them. Ladies in lovely robes, shedding every delicate scent like flowers, petted him, and full-grown men, looking at these ladies, made much of him. They told him that he was charming, but he did not believe them. One cannot be both ugly and charming, little Hervé thought, with much bitterness and an inclination to cry. Their compliments gave him the same singular sensations evoked by the tutor's smile.

"I do not know any of these people," he said sadly to Colonel Larousse. "I don't think a ball very cheerful, do you? It makes my head ache to hear so many strange voices and feel so much smaller than anybody else. My papa amuses himself, but I would like to run away to my boat."

"*Boom! Mon camarade*, a soldier sticks to his post."

Hervé sighed, and thought if the Countess had been here that he would have sat beside her all the evening and have held her hand. And the knowledge that he would never again hold her hand, and that so many long weeks had passed since fond lips had kissed his face and a sweet voice had called him "Little Hervé, little boy," brought tears of desperate self-pitying pain to his eyes. In these large illuminated *salons*, vexed with the mingled

odours of flowers and scented skirts, by the scraping of fiddles and the flying feet of laughing dancers, unmindful of him as other than a queer quiet boy in velvet and Alençon lace, with a plain gray little face and owlish eyes that never smiled, Hervé felt more alone than ever he had felt since the Countess's death.

Stealthily he made his escape through the long open window and ran down the dewy lawn. How gratefully the cool air tasted and the lovely stillness of the night after the aching brilliancy within! Hervé assured himself that it was a pleasant relief, and hoped there would not be many more balls at the castle.

The lake fringed the lawn, and moored against the branches of a weeping willow was his toy-boat just as he had left it in the afternoon. It would look so pretty, he believed, sailing under the rising moon that touched the water silver and the blue stars that showed so peacefully upon it. He unknotted the string, and gaily the little boat swam out upon his impulsion. If only the Countess could come back to him, he thought, with his boat he would be perfectly happy. "But I am so alone among them all," he said to himself, with his broken sigh. "I wish somebody loved me as little children are loved by their mammas."

The boat had carried away the string

from his loose grasp, and he reached out his arm upon the water to recover it. A soft, moist bank, a small eager foot upon it, a frame easily tilted by an unsteady movement, the dark water broken into circling bubbles upon a child's shrill cry of terror and closing impassably over the body of poor forlorn little Hervé and his pretty velvet suit and Alençon lace,—this is what the stars and the pale calm moon saw; and over there upon the further shore of the lake floated the toy-boat as placidly as if it had worked no treachery and had not led to the extinction of an illustrious name and race.

"Where is M. le Marquis?" demanded M. de Vervainville, interrupting an enchanting moment upon discovering his son's absence from the *salon*.

A search, a hurry, a scare,—music stopped, wine-glasses at the buffet laid down untouched, ices rejected, fear and anxiety upon every face. M. le Marquis is not in the *salons*, nor in the tutor's apartment, nor in his own. The grounds are searched, "Hervé" and "M. le Marquis" ringing through the silence unanswered. His boat was found and the impress of small footsteps upon the wet bank. M. le Marquis de Saint-Laurent and Baron de Vervainville was drowned.

HANNAH LYNCH.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

In the preface to the first volume of his *History of the Great Civil War*, Mr. Gardiner apologizes for his battle-pieces. "I cannot," he writes, "describe battles which I have not seen as if I had." The apology was not needed. Mr. Gardiner has done quite enough to satisfy all reasonable demands from a writer who is no professed historian of military affairs, and to whose plan of work the most famous victory is less important than its consequences. As a general rule the more elaborately and circumstantially battles are described the more unintelligible are they to the reader. Mr. Gardiner has pertinently observed that to describe a battle as if he had seen it is no part of a historian's duty. He might have added that, by common consent of all who have made the experiment, few things are harder to do well than to describe a battle that you have seen, especially in days so profuse of villainous saltpetre as these, when in literal verity "all the war is rolled in smoke." Few men have been more successful at this work than Dr. Russell, and this is his conclusion of the matter: "Not even the general who directs the operations can describe a battle. It is proverbially impossible to do so. Who can hope to satisfy every officer engaged, when each colonel sees only what is done by his own men, and scarcely knows even where the next regiment is? He beholds but the enemy before him and that small portion of the regiment which may be next to him at the time." And he then frankly owns that he had made more than one mistake in his account of the battle of the Alma. Many years ago I talked with a private of Hussars who had ridden in the famous Light Cavalry charge at Balaclava.

Out of that terrible hurly-burly he seemed able to remember nothing clearly save that, as they neared the Russian guns, the colonel turned in his saddle to rebuke the men for their language which, perhaps excusably enough in the circumstances, had grown somewhat free.

Elsewhere Mr. Gardiner comments on another of the historian's difficulties, which indeed is but a variation of the same—the topographical difficulty. He conscientiously visited the scenes of Montrose's six great victories over the Covenanters, and even with all the help that local antiquaries (always the most obliging of men) could give him he feels himself compelled to warn his readers not to trust him too implicitly. Modesty is never misplaced; but readers are likely to be as safe with Mr. Gardiner as with any man. Yet the battle-field is commonly a more difficult business than the battle, especially if it be one of those far-off things of which the Highland Reaper sang. The old narrators were very careless of these matters, and very confused in their language, even when themselves had played a part, and an important part, in their story. The colouring of tradition must also be allowed for, and the whims of the local antiquary, who is sometimes obstinate as well as obliging. There are the changes and chances of civilization, too, planting, building, and the like. Mr. Gardiner tells us that the ground where Montrose won his victory at Aberdeen over the Covenanting Lords of the North is now covered with streets and houses. Philiphaugh, where the tables were turned on the Great Marquis by David Leslie is part of a private park, through which, however, the owner courteously allows free right

of way to all who are lucky enough to learn that their way lies there, which they will do from no guide-book that I know of. Macaulay affords a capital instance of this difficulty in his narrative of the battle of Killiecrankie, and, it must be added, without the excuse that the historian of Aberdeen and Philiphaugh might have pleaded. Twice he visited the scene of Dundee's victory and death, the famous pass up which Mackay's army toiled only to descend it at a much quicker rate, the level land and low hills at the top where the two races met in mortal shock, Celt and Saxon, Highlander and Lowlander. No man was ever Macaulay's master in taking pains, and very few have ever brought their pains to better profit. And yet with all his trouble he went wrong, supposing the claymores to have scattered the redcoats on the level ground at the head of the pass, instead of on the lower slope of the hills to the right. It is curious that among the many experts who have laboured to confound Macaulay, no one of them should hitherto have blundered on this handsome opportunity.

Such are the perils that wait for the serious historian, when armed cap-à-pie for his work with all that patient study, natural sagacity, and local learning can avail to keep him straight. And the mere traveller has his perils too, who only seeks to gratify a romantic curiosity, some idle taste for the Passion of the Past. There is his guide-book, and of Mr. Murray's guide-books no one should say a bad word. But it is notorious that these excellent works, crammed with all that history, archæology, and romance can teach them, invariably fail, and perhaps inevitably fail, to supply just the one thing needful. When you reach your destination they tell you all that the mind of reasonable man can desire; but they do not much help you to attain that goal. Then you have to ask your way of the native, and then arise mutual misunderstandings, the source of infinite merriment hereafter,

but at the time grievous to be borne. Comparatively small as is this kingdom of Great Britain it holds many tongues which not even a gift such as that granted to the apostles of old will always enable the stranger to comprehend. My friend K. (should he chance to light upon these leaves) will recall a walk along the coast of Haddingtonshire one fine day in a summer not long past. Our aim was that extraordinary ruin known as Fast Castle, from which Sir Walter is supposed (though apparently without much reason) to have taken his idea of Wolf's Crag. We were at our wits' end, but not our journey's. The last human habitation was some miles behind us, and not easy miles. The hills were on three sides of us and on the fourth the sea. The world, in short, was all before us, and Providence our only guide. We knew that we must be somewhere near the place, but how near, or over which hill the path lay, we knew no more than the Master of Ravensworth knew how to provide a dinner for his guests. But we were not to be without our Caleb Balderstone. Going on we became aware of a small farm in a hollow of the hills, and presently of an old man with long white hair and beard, and in his dress and general appearance something of the Cove-nanter and something of the smuggler about him — the illustration is intended in no disparagement, for, though it suggests ideas of Mr. Thomas Trumbull, our friend, I am sure, had nothing else in common with the owner of the Jumping Jenny. K. proceeded to explain our difficulties to this hoary elder, while I leaned over a gate to listen. It was a comical interview. Never was there a more obliging old patriarch. He poured out all his knowledge in a strange sort of rhythmical chant that rose and fell like some Runic incantation. All I could distinguish was (apparently) the word *Dolore* repeated at intervals in a prolonged sort of wail. However, he seemed vastly pleased both with himself and my friend, and at least his

good intentions were obvious. But, though K. vowed that he could understand his informant, and we certainly did find our way, to this moment I believe, and always shall believe, that it was the instinct of travellers, considerably helped by luck, that eventually landed us at the castle.

A grim place this Fast Castle even now in its ruin; when men lived there, it must have been the darkest, gloomiest, wickedest of all places where those old robber-lords heard the mouse cheep. Hermitage has an evil look in fit keeping with its memories of the wizard Lord Soulis, the Dark Knight of Liddesdale, and the ruffian Bothwell. Its massive walls, still rearing their unbroken strength in that lonely waste, dimly lighted with a few narrow windows pierced high above all chance of escalade, and allowing access only through two small postern-doors, as though jealously guarding the bloody secrets of its fierce masters; the roofless, grass-grown ruin within where a few wild flowers blooming from the mouldering stones, but make the desolation more complete—

Something ails it now; the place is cursed.

And yet even Hermitage, I think, haunts the imagination less than Fast Castle. From the sea, says Sir Walter, "it is more like the nest of some gigantic roc or condor than a dwelling for human creatures, being so completely allied in colour and rugged appearance with the huge cliffs amongst which it seems to be jammed, that it is difficult to discover what is rock and what is building." It looks much the same from the land, perched on a little promontory half-way down a steep cliff the upper part of which is covered partly with heather and partly with a scanty crop of oats. From the land side the only access is by a natural bridge of rock that can never have been more than a few feet wide, and is now so broken that it needs a strong head and firm step to carry the curious visitor across when the waves are roaring on either side of him a hundred

feet or more below. As something more than a capful of wind was blowing straight across this perilous path on the day of my visit, I did not make the passage; but my more venturesome companion crawled across on hands and knees. There was nothing to see, he said, that could not be seen just as well from the land; a fragment of the small keep, a few fragments of the flanking wall,—that is all. Of old there must have been access from the sea; but it can only have been available in calm weather, as the full force of the German Ocean beats on those iron rocks, and safe riding even for the smallest boat there is none. No one knows when it was built or by whom. It was once a stronghold of the Earls of Home, and was many times lost and won in the old Border wars, always by surrender or surprise, for a handful of men could have held it against an army while the provisions lasted. More than a handful indeed it could hardly have housed, for close as men were used to pack in those rugged days, it would surely have puzzled more than a dozen men-at-arms to find quarters in it. Fast Castle might have been set down, keep, flanking walls and all, in the inner ward of Norham without unduly crowding Heron's garrison. How they brought their horses in and out, or where they stabled them, is a mystery. It is hard work scrambling down to it for a tolerably active footman, even with the help of the rough steps that have been cut in the steepest part of the hill-side. No horseman could possibly come within a quarter of a mile of it. But how it was built at all is a stranger mystery still; how the materials were conveyed there, how the foundations were laid. The walls rise almost everywhere sheer from the rocks, which in their turn slope almost sheer to the sea. It must have been piled, one fancies, not by the hands of giants, but of spirits, and of monstrous evil spirits too. Apart from standing for the original of Wolf's

Crag (which is, as I have said, but a fanciful supposition, inasmuch as Sir Walter always vowed that he had never seen it but from the sea), Fast Castle is best known as the home of the notorious Logan of Restalrig, and would have been known as the prison, and possibly as the grave, of the young king, had the Gowrie conspiracy been carried through. The Ruthvens, so the story goes, had bribed Logan with the promise of Dirleton Castle, on which the old ruffian had set his heart. "I care not for all the other land I have in the kingdom if I may grip of Dirleton, for I esteem it the pleasantest dwelling in Scotland." And a pretty place it certainly is; but it was never to be Logan's.

But to return from the romance of the past to the living troubles of the present. After a few more experiences of this sort we took counsel to address the natives in their own tongue. Sir Walter's novels and the glossary to a copy of Burns's poems that we had prudently taken with us, helped us to a vocabulary, and for accent we trusted to our ears and to Mercury, the patron of travellers. K. was to be spokesman, who had the larger confidence and more imposing presence. But we never gave ourselves a fair trial; our first experiment came to such a humiliating conclusion, that even K. had not heart to make another. We were walking from Selkirk to Newark on such a day as that which stirred the old Harper's soul to song:

When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve with balmy breath
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh.

We were crossing Carterhaugh, and wished to ask the name of a house whose turrets rose from the woods on the further bank of the Ettrick. A pleasant-faced man was coming down the road with a few sheep, and, after a hasty rehearsal, K. (who has also a pleasant face) marched cheerfully up to him. Our Scotch was every whit as

good as much that does duty in the pages of fiction, and for accent,—well, the best proof is that the man stared as one not comprehending. For he was a Southron, even as ourselves, or even more so. We tried to console ourselves with a pretty fancy that he was Tynedale Snatcher driving a prey, but there was little heart in our jest.

Sometimes, too, the pilgrim suffers from the very abundance of the information bestowed upon him. Instead of being allowed to put the questions he wants answered, a flood of instruction is poured on him about it and about it, till his real point and the road to it is completely lost in the number and variety of the objects he may, can, should and must visit by the way; in a word, he cannot see the wood for the trees. At Flodden, where we found ourselves not long after the rebuff on Carterhaugh, we suffered much from this amiable profusion. We had driven from Kelso, and had overshot our mark. Our driver was a civil and intelligent fellow, but he knew no more than we did where the battle had been fought. Fortunately there lived in a cottage hard by a man evidently accustomed to be pestered by curious travellers. A more learned or obliging guide Mr. Gardiner himself could not have desired. He first mapped out the whole line of the Cheviots, of which Flodden is an outlying spur; an easy digression brought in the fight on the neighbouring hill of Homildon, where the unlucky Tyneman vindicated his name by the loss of an eye; it was only by a sternness amounting almost to discourtesy that we managed to keep clear of the Tyneman's subsequent exploits at Shrewsbury, and brought our informant down to Flodden. Here the waters were let loose indeed. The causes which led to the battle, Lady Heron's treachery and James's romantic folly, the disposition of the two armies, where Howard crossed the Till and where Surrey, what the captain of the Scottish artillery said to the King and how he was answered, the ground where the

battle joined ("awfully at the sound of the trumpet," as Pitscottie says), how nobly Huntley behaved and how scurvily Home, the spot where James fell—my Uncle Toby himself never fought a battle with more circumstance. But the one thing he could not, or would not tell us, was by what road to get to the scene of these high achievements. Every simple question on this head started him on a fresh discourse; and it was only by incidentally discovering the name of the inn where our horses were to bait that we got a clue to the quarter where our goal lay. That inn, I may observe for the benefit of future pilgrims as helpless as ourselves, is the Bluebell, and their proper goal is not the hill of Flodden but the village of Branxton (called in the old chronicles Bramston or Brampton), some two miles to the north. Most pilgrims, however, come probably from Coldstream or Cornhill, where they would be more likely to be put in the right road than at Kelso.

It is all plain sailing when you have reached Branxton. The field lies clear before you, and the place of the battle easy enough to understand. Easy is it also to appreciate the fatal blunder James made in allowing Surrey a free passage across the river. But it is not so easy to see how in the circumstances he could have hindered him. I suspect that the story of James's chivalrous refusal to take any advantage of the English, and his resolve to meet them face to face on open ground, is a devout imagination of old Pitscottie to give the King's bad generalship a romantic gloss. It is not mentioned by any of the English chroniclers, not by Hollinshead or Hall, by Grafton or Baker. Had this been his fancy, he could have gratified it with less risk three days earlier, when Surrey offered battle at Wooler Haugh, and when he could have engaged with the road into Scotland open behind him. Then, however, he made no answer to the Englishman's taunting challenge to come down and fight him on a fair field, beyond some empty vapouring

that it did not become an earl thus to address a king, and that all ground was the same to him. The fact was that his position was at once his strength and his weakness. So long as he kept the high ground of Flodden he was practically unassailable. But while he lay there, all the Scottish Border lay open to Surrey to harry from Berwick to Carlisle. Nor could he lie there for ever. Already he was straitened for provisions, and many of the common soldiers ("fat North-land and Isles-men"), had deserted him on that score. The time he had wasted over the sieges of Norham and Etal, and in his dalliance with the wily Lady Heron at Ford, had enabled the English commander to concentrate his forces and practically to dictate the time and place of battle. If the Scots would not come down and fight on one side of Flodden, then they should come down and fight on the other. After some manœuvring, which was hidden from James by the high ground about Ford, Surrey suddenly changed his route and crossed the Till in two divisions, one, under his son Lord Howard, at Twisel bridge,—which still stands, a massive single arch, with the ruins of Twisel Castle commanding it on the left bank—the other, led by himself, at a ford about a mile nearer Flodden. This was the moment, they say, that James should have chosen. Had he attacked the English when in the disorder of the narrow passage, he might have destroyed them in detail, and

Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!

This might have been so; but Twisel bridge is at least four miles in a straight line from Flodden hill, and had Surrey seen any signs of a downward movement in the Scottish army we may be tolerably sure that so skilful a captain had never risked the venture of the river. Twenty thousand foot-soldiers are not moved four or five miles in a few minutes. Pitscottie tells how Borthwick, the master of the artillery,

fell on his knees before the King, while the English were still moving over the bridge, and prayed him to let him bring his guns to bear upon their disordered columns; and how James answered, "like a man that had been reft of his wits, saying to him, 'I shall hang thee, quarter thee, and draw thee, if thou shoot one shoot this day. I am determined that I will have them all before me on a plain field, and see then what they can do all before me.'" The Scottish cannon, though not so well served, was by Surrey's own confession, superior in make and calibre to the English, but even in these scientific times it is hard to see what mischief could have been done at such a distance.

James was, in a word, completely out-generalled. While he kept his ground Surrey was as safe in crossing the Till as if the Scottish host was still camped on the Boroughmuir; the moment he moved down Surrey had been ready for him. It is said that

Giles Musgrave, an Englishman in the Scottish ranks ("a guileful Greek," the nameless old bard of *Flodden Field* calls him), persuaded the doubting King to give battle in defence of his borders. But even James must have seen that when once the enemy had come between him and Scotland, he had no alternative but to fight. As it was, he fought on as favourable terms as were possible in the circumstances. He held the higher ground, and had time to form his line under cover of the smoke from his burning camp while the English were still on the march. And the battle was more doubtful than is commonly supposed. Terrible as was the slaughter in the Scottish ranks, it was not till daybreak on the morrow that Surrey felt sure of his victory; and though he allowed Dacre with his light horsemen to harass the retreating Scots, he was in no condition to press his triumph home.

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